THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

FOUNDED, A.D. 1821

THE GREAT PIONEER FAMILY PAPER OF AMERICA.

Vol. 72. PUBLICATION OFFICE, NO. 726 SANSOM ST. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, AUGUST 13, 1892. FIVE CENTS A COPY. $2.00 A YEAR IN ADVANCE No. 6

WHEN FLOWERS FADE.

BY S. W.

When the flowers fade away
On a coming autumn day,
  Where, then, our joy and pride?
Oh! we know that we shall lose her,
For the Terror-King now woos her,
  And will claim her for his bride!

She knows what 'tis we fear,
And she tries our hearts to cheer
  With smiles so bright and gay;
But she cannot so deceive us,
And we know that she will leave us
  When the flowers fade away!

Oh! how can we ever part
From the dear one of our heart?
  Yet would we bid her stay?
No! though death her form is wooing:
For we know that she is going
  Where no flowers fade away!

The Love That Lives.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "HER FATHER'S SIN," "A CAPITAL CHARGE," "ONE HUNDRED THOUSAND POUNDS," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER III—(CONTINUED.)

EASTER'S pensive eloquence comes to an end as she raises her tea-cup to her lips, and subsequently sinks back amongst the luxurious cushions.

"It's a mercy that I was married out of it before Lilith's time," Una declares, after a moment's silence; then, suddenly, "Why, Easter, child, what's the matter? How pale you look!"

Easter shakes herself, and takes the refilled cup that her sister is offering her.

"Do I? I never have much color though, unless it is in my nose, as you rudely told me just now"—with a smile; but there is still a startled look in her eyes.

Lady Zillwood stoops and whispers something close to her ear.

"What do you mean? Who is it?" Easter says aloud, nearly letting the egg-shell china go to destruction upon the floor in her bewilderment.

"Easter, if you spoil my set I'll never forgive you!" cries Una, catching the fragile saucer. "Drink your tea, child, and then go and explore. No, I'll answer no questions, so don't trouble yourself to make imploring eyes. Save them; they'll come in useful by-and-by."

Miss Jaxon swallows the hot tea at a draught, then deposits the cup upon a stool near at hand and rises. There is no lack of color in her cheeks now.

"We'll excuse you," says Nina. "Don't stop to blush. Ta-ta, dear! Oh, Easter"—as the girl reaches the door and is just disappearing—"be sure you give him my love!"

But Easter does not stay for the impertinent little message. She is already half across the hall, her indolence for the moment all forgotten. The next moment she has entered the library, and, before she can close the door behind her, finds herself in Norman Fergusson's arms.

"It is dreadfully unwise and improper of me, I am perfectly aware," the young countess in the drawing-room is saying. "Don't either of you two betray me to Lilith, or indeed to any one else. But they are so dreadfully in love! And he has to go off to-morrow to America. So what could I do, when he came and made beseechments to me yesterday, but arrange a meeting?"

"I think you were quite right," declares Nina, who, having married a pauper herself, is not likely to find fault with any rich woman for following her example, and who evidently understands all the intricacies of the matter to which her friend refers. "He's a gentleman, although he is a detective; and see how she positively worships him."

"And he her. It's the prettiest thing to behold them together!"

"Then nobody has a right to come between. What's that bit in the marriage service about it?" cries Mrs. Carnegie, searching in the depths of her memory for the quotation.

But Una is not inclined to wait for recollection to return.

"Especially as Easter has plenty for them both," she adds. "I am almost sorry though that I did not insist upon Norman's going to father at once for his sanction. I'm sure he would have seen it as we do, for he has heaps of sense, old dear that he is. Only, as Easter said, Lilith would have put her finger into the pie, and persuaded him to refuse, just because Norman isn't rich. And there would have been a general block!"

"As it is, Mr. Jaxon is to be petitioned as soon as the 'lovier' has enough to furnish a house—in fact is not absolutely destitute?"

Una nods.

"Just so. Yet I can't help wishing that I had stood out for his being consulted earlier. However it's no good talking of that now, when Norman is just off across the Atlantic. Did you hear him arrive? I didn't, although I was expecting him. Yet Easter, who was quite innocent of the plot, recognized his voice, and immediately turned almost as pale as the table-cloth, poor little darling."

"I wish you'd enlighten me as to who Mr. Fergusson is," says Pearl. "Much as I've heard you two discuss him—oh, don't be alarmed, Una, I'll not let out a word to any one—even Charlie doesn't know, does she?—I don't see how he can be anything different from an ordinary policeman, except that he's handsome, from all accounts. And really I can't imagine espousing a blue-coated 'Bobby.'"

"My dear Pearl, as though a detective were the same as one of those creatures in a helmet who take you up and tell you the right road!" says her sister.

But Lady Zillwood grows circumstantial.

"Norman Fergusson is the son of the Honorable Magdalen Harvey, daughter of Lord Arrowton, and of Roland Fergusson, second son of Sir Roderick Fergusson," she says. "There! That sounds like an inscription on a tombstone; so I'm sure you ought to understand his virtues, whether you do or not. Both these unwise parents of his, being awfully poor, were cast off by their respective families for choosing each other. Naturally being disowned by their fathers did not enrich them; and, by the time both died, they had not a sou to leave to Norman. He, being too proud to open up negotiations with his relatives, and having some detective talent, was taken on at Scotland Yard, and—that's all I think."

"Not quite. I want to know where Easter met him," persists Pearl.

For once Lady Zillwood is actually seen to look embarrassed.

"Ah, my dear, there I own you touch on a delicate matter," she says, "for it is Caryl and I who most unfortunately plead guilty! You know my old man has the most absurdly tender heart in the world; and he used to know Norman at Eton—though how his penniless parents managed to send him there, pray don't ask me. He was Caryl's fag, and they have been rather thick ever since. Mr. Fergusson often comes to dinner with us in London when we have not many people there. And one day Caryl was rash enough to bring him in while Easter was staying with us. The mischief was done then and there!"

Nina laughs wickedly.

"You're a good chaperon—first-rate!" she says, while Una blushes more than ever. "And now, to mend matters, instead of letting the young man be shown in here, like an ordinary being, you must plan a private interview between him and Easter in the library. I'm ashamed of you! I really am!"

The culprit however has recovered herself by this time.

"Oh, don't take all that trouble!" she says sweetly. "It isn't worth it. And you wouldn't have had the poor fellow make his adieux in public, would you?"

Pearl gets up and walks across the room.

"When I'm engaged, may I have as sweet a sister as you to do nice things for me!" she says, stooping and kissing the smooth forehead of the countess.

CHAPTER IV.

NORMAN FERGUSSON'S STORY.

Translated into ordinary English this is how the two telegrams which I despatched that day from Titford post-office would have read—

"To Chief Constable, Bristol.—Send man in plain clothes up to town, or to otherwise follow female, middle age, blue bonnet and veil, third-class passenger by the 5.50 from Titford to London."

The other was addressed "to Fraser, Scotland Yard, London," and ran thus—

"Put man on to follow female, middle age, limp in walk, swollen face, few teeth, blue bonnet and veil, third class 5.50 from Titford, G. W. R., Bristol, man seeing after her to London."

Having thus safely disposed for the moment of Miss Dean, I spent the evening in a careful examination of Oldcourt Hall, the scene of the murder, in which search I was accompanied by the local constable.

"We 'ave hexamined the place thoroughly," Brown assured me. "You'll find nothing as we've overlooked."

I nodded.

"You're a Londoner," I remarked. "That accent never grew in Somerset."

Mr. Brown beamed upon me. Clearly he felt that I had paid him a delicate compliment.

"Not bit," he replied. "I'm cockney born and bred. I 'ate this 'ere 'hole, like pison. Still, they've sent me down, and down I'll 'ave to stay at present, I suppose, unless"—struck by a sudden idea—"you'd per'aps put in a word for me, sir."

But that, as, candle in hand, I was peering under the bed whereon the body of the unfortunate Miss Richardson still lay, I was not obliged to hear.

"Nothing particular here," I remarked, after I had well examined the chamber. "Whoever did the job was disappointed in the end though, in spite of the jewels. Look at the marks on that desk."

"It hasn't been opened. Mr. Jobson, the lawyer, wot was 'ere yesterday, 'e tried to get at it, but couldn't, any more than the burglar. The key can't be found."

I glanced round, and then walked across the room and took a long slender key from a bracket over the mantelpiece, full in sight of every one. It fitted the lock.

"Miss Richardson was no fool," I remarked. "The most obvious spot is always the safest hiding place, for no one thinks of looking there. I'll keep this for Mr. Jobson."

"He's coming over on the morning of the funeral," my companion said, as we walked off to the chamber occupied on the Sunday night by Sir Auriol Rainton.

A very ordinary apartment it was—bare, square, and uninviting to the last degree. Nor did any particle of its contents afford grounds for a moment's consideration in connection with the crime. Sir Auriol, as Brown informed me, had left the chamber and his own luggage from the moment of the murder until after the inquest, everything being open to the investigation of the police.

"I believe has 'e were in mortal fear lest any suspicion should attach to 'im, as the hold lady's heir," the man declared, with a laugh. "But, lor, has though that was likely, with 'im hoffering a thousand pound has a reward!"

I nodded and said nothing. There was no need to reply to Brown's observations. His tongue went fast enough without any prompting. Now, as we still stood in the sombre room, he told me that, rather than re-enter the fatal house himself alone, the Baronet had "tipped" Brown a sovereign to convey his belongings across to the "Oldcourt Arms."

"A timid 'un, 'e seemed; but a nice liberal gent has never stepped fur hall that," was the constable's opinion of Sir Auriol.

But I own that I thought the timidity a trifle strained. What should have made Rainton afraid?

Miss Dean's sanctum was as prim and neat as it became an old maid to leave it. In Mary Smith's attic however the disorder made it a little more likely that something would result from examination. I began the work by gathering up all morsels of paper upon the floor.

"You may seek," Brown assured me; "but I've searched every inch of this 'ere place already! I'd bet a 'undred to nothing that you 'ave yer trouble for yer pains, sir."

At that moment from a bundle of old newspapers which I had dragged from beneath the chest of drawers tumbled two articles, insignificant enough in themselves, but in present circumstances beyond all price. They were a small uncorked bottle and a key. The former bore a label, with the name and address of a chemist in the neighboring town of Elton, and the word "Chloroform" in large letters upon it. The latter there could be no doubt was a skeleton key, warranted to open all locks. Not that it would do so, as I saw in a moment. But then that was a defect that would, by an amateur, whether burglar or detective, be only discovered upon trial; and in it doubtless lay the secret of the unopened secretaire.

The expression of disgust on Brown's face was a study.

"Who could be hup to hall the tricks o' them gals?" he said. "And I thought I'd unfolded every inch o' that rubbidge! Well, there's not much question, sir, as to who did it now."

I was turning the key over in my hand. For what had it been used? Not for opening either wardrobe or coffer. The keys of those were upon the bunch which had been found on the floor, close to the desk. Had it then been taken only with a view to opening the ultimately unconquered lock?

"Did Miss Richardson sleep with her door fastened?" I asked Brown. But that, of course, as I might have anticipated, he did not know; and indeed the matter was not one of any special consequence.

It was just as we were leaving the Hall, I with those two damaging proofs of the servant-girl's guilt in my possession, that we came upon Jo Baines, from whom I received, till now, the most valuable piece of information.

"Hast seed Mary Zmith—my Mary?" he asked, coming up to me, with a piteous look in his great dim blue eyes.

I shook my head.

"No. What do you want with her?" I inquired.

Hereon Brown interposed.

"Never mind 'm, sir. 'E's honly a hidjeot, 'e his. Get hout o' that, Jo, and let the gent pass."

Jo however stood firm.

"Jo want Mary," he persisted. Then, coming close up to me and glancing suspicious at the constable, he whispered. "I'se got summut to gi'e her. She dropped it o' Monday morning."

I drew him on one side and held out my hand.

"Had you not better let me see whether we can't send it after her?" I suggested. "She may want it, you know."

He nodded, at the same time diving deep into the pocket of his ragged trousers, from which he at last produced a letter, somewhat crumpled, and began to smooth it out with great care.

"Jo's bin keepin' it fur her," he muttered. "Jo wasn't goin' to let none o' them pryin' folkses zee'er zecrets. But Jo likes you. Zee."

He suddenly thrust the paper in my hand. At the same time instant Brown, in his wanderings, chanced to turn his bull's eye lantern upon us. By its light I was able to read distinctly, in a thick, yet sprawling hand, the address upon the envelope, "Mr. Uriah D. Young, Salt Lake City, Utah, U. S. A."

"I'll take care of this for you, Jo, my lad," I said. "Tell me again how you came by it?"

So, in his strange incoherent way, he told his little story—how he had been waiting about the back door at the hall, as the clock struck six on Monday morning—how Mary always got up early, and often gave him a crust and a cup of warm coffee for breakfast, but how on Monday she came out with her bonnet and cloak on, and a bundle in her hand.

"She didn't zeem even to zee me. She just brushed by zame as if I had niver bin there, and she ran down the hill as though as bogy was after her. I started and ztarted——"

He broke off, evidently losing, for about the fiftieth time, the thread of his story.

"Well, Jo, and then?"

"Nothing," he responded, with a dazed smile. "I waited; but she didn't never come back. Zo at last I went after her, to zeek her. On the hill I picked that up"—and he pointed to the spot where he had found the treasure.

"It was at the front door you waited though, Jo, not at the back," I said, just as I was turning away, after having caused him once more to repeat the tale.

He shook his head.

"The back door—the back door!" he reiterated, with sudden childish fury. "Jo would not be at the front. Mary Zmith would have been angry to see Jo there."

I paused, puzzled. If Mary Smith had indeed left by the back door, as the idiot lad asserted, how came it to have been fastened three hours later? On the whole, I thought it probable that the boy's memory had played him false, especially as, on again questioning Brown, he was as positive as ever that the bolts of the back door had all been found in order on the Monday morning.

"What was the fool's discovery?" Brown asked by-and-by.

But that was my business, as I gave him to understand. Nor was it until I was safely in my room at the "Oldcourt Arms" that I drew the letter out of my pocket, and set myself to the task of examining it.

The epistle which I found instead the tumbled cover ran thus—

"October 21, 188—.

"Dear Uriah—Your letter reached me last week. I was glad to know you had not forgotten me and the pleasant times we had while you were in England. Until to-night I could not make up my mind how to answer it. But I am tired of my life here and that has decided me. Miss Richardson is as crabby as ever, and lately she has got a companion who is still worse, so I cannot stand it any longer. If I do quarrel with your other wives, why, remember that I always warned you how it would be. So it is your own fault for beginning it again and sending me the money to come. I expect I shall be with you almost as soon as my letter. It is a dreadful thing to be quite alone in the world, as I have been all my days. So no more at present from "MARY SMITH."

Of all love-letters surely this was the most extraordinary! I began again at the beginning and read it through a third time as soon as I had reached the end. For the life of me I could not make out its meaning.

"'If I do quarrel with your other wives,'" I muttered half loud. "Is the girl mad?"

Thereupon the direction on the outside of the envelope returned to my mind, while in a flash I understood. Then—I actually could not help it!—I burst into a real hearty laugh.

"She has turned Mormon, and gone out to marry some unfortunate being already overstocked with spouses," I told myself. "Poor Mary Smith! Her welcome will probably punish her for most of her sins! I wonder though if she'll lend the jewels about for the adornment of the household. That might make her a popular personage certainly, always supposing that she has them, which I cannot help doubting."

Then once again I set myself to study the letter.

"She's no common criminal," was the final conclusion at which I arrived, as I stowed the precious sheet of paper away in a safe place, and then prepared for bed. "I should like to know where she came from. At the inquest no one could give a word of information either as to that or about her people, which, in a gossiping little hole like this, is strange enough. By-the-way, how is she supposed to have been dressed?"

I took a newspaper out of my bag, and seated myself on the edge of the bed, while I looked for the evidence given by Miss Dean.

"Mary used commonly to wear a dark serge gown, a black jacket, and a black hat trimmed with scarlet ribbons. As none of those things have been found in her room, probably she had them on when she left the house."—"Does she appear to have made any preparation for her journey?" the coroner next asked. "Are any other garments missing?"—"That I cannot tell. From the absence of those articles from her drawers, I should suppose that she may have taken a nightdress, comb and brush, and some handkerchiefs. Beyond that I can say nothing. Her Sunday clothes I found all tossed in a heap upon the bed when I entered the room."

I folded the newspaper up again and returned it to its place.

"My work to-morrow must be to discover who bought the chloroform, and by what route Smith is intending to reach America," were my last waking thoughts.

The first part of my task proved easy enough.

"Ah, I've been expecting a call!" the good-tempered bustling little chemist at Elton declared the next morning, as soon as I produced the innocent-looking glass bottle, with its unsoiled label. "I should have offered my evidence at the inquest had I not been from home from Saturday until late last night, when I first heard the particulars of the murder. But take a chair, sir, in the parlor, won't you?"

I followed him into the snug little room at the back of the shop, where a fat happy-faced woman sat sewing.

"My love, the detective," announced Mr. Oughton, with a flourish. Then, before I could get a word in, he was off again. "It was on Friday that the girl, Mary Smith, came for a shilling's worth of chloroform. It was for her tooth, she said, and as she couldn't often get over to Elton she'd take plenty. Knowing her as a respectable young person, I supplied it, she signing her name in my register. Here it is." And with another flourish the book was deposited upon the table in front of me.

So it was Mary Smith who had made the purchase. Well, this was no more than I had anticipated. Yet somehow I felt a trifle disappointed. Perhaps I had half hoped that some fresh clue might be forthcoming. If so, I had been a fool for my pains. And so I told myself on my way back to the inn! Yes, a fool! No one else would find any difficulty in agreeing with the coroner's verdict. Why then should I, just because a woman's manner had puzzled me? And yet——

The matter of the chloroform had proved almost too easy to settle. It was altogether different however with the next portion of my day's work. Scour the country, question the yokels, inquire wherever I might, no scrap of information could I gain as to the route chosen by Mary Smith, or the port at which she intended to land. Of course it was quite possible that the letter found by Jo had been written as a blind and purposely dropped, in order to divert pursuit from the right track. But this was not the opinion to which, after much consideration, I had come. I believed that the girl had a friend to whom she intended to go; and I was glad to remember that, immediately after the inquest, a watch had been set upon each route by which the young woman could leave the country. This precaution I now supplemented by special messages to every point whence departure for America was possible.

All without avail however! A week had dragged slowly along, but not another item of news as to Mary Smith's proceedings had I been able to gather. She might have sunk into the ground immediately after passing crazy Jo for all the tidings of her that had thus far come to light.

At last, on the morning of Wednesday, the final day of October, I arrived at the conclusion that no further good could result from my staying longer at Titford. A letter too, which reached me by the early post that day from town, served further to strengthen that conclusion; for it brought me some disquieting news as to one whom I imagined I had placed safely under surveillance, Eliza Dean. It seemed that Thornaby, the detective put upon her track at my request, had been content to follow her to Liverpool, there to see her and her luggage on board the Solway, bound for New York, and then to turn his back upon her, instead of accompanying her across the Atlantic. Added to this, he had delayed until after her departure following out my instructions and investigating the truth of her declaration that she had lived in London for some little while previous to going to Oldcourt, as well as making inquires about the s. s. Fleetear, by which she had stated that she came to England. It was not until Thornaby's return from Liverpool that information from Lloyd's revealed the fact that no such vessel as the Fleetear was afloat. Aroused by that proof of untruth to greater activity in the matter, he thereupon immediately visited the three houses at which she had declared she had lodged, only to find that no such person was known at any of the addresses. In fact, the fellow had made as complete a mull of the whole business as he well could have done. With all suspicion of Miss Dean stirred into new life by the certainty that she had deliberately lied to me, it at once became apparent that, if I meant to secure the reward awaiting success, I must give up my rural investigations and go at once to Scotland Yard.

That Miss Dean should slip through my fingers was the last thing to be desired. I must hear Thornaby's account down to the minutest details, blow him up for his senselessness, and prepare a reception for the dear lady upon the other side of the ocean.

Fortunately, as I was aware, the Solway made no stoppage between Liverpool and New York. So, after all, Thornaby's blunder was not irretrievable; though no thanks were due to him for that.

All this I was pondering as I wondered across the fields towards Elton. My packing, such as it was, was completed. Nothing now remained for me to do but to eat my dinner and leave Titford by the afternoon train. And jolly glad should I be to see London smoke again, I assured myself, as I came to a standstill and surveyed the long uninviting looking ploughed fields in front, on either side, and far behind me!

At that instant my eye caught the flutter of bright red ribbons, away to the right.

"There's no path!" I said to myself, regarding the spot of color with astonishment. "Yet that looks like a woman's hat. Mary Smith's hat was said to be trimmed with scarlet."

To get over the trimly-cut hedge was a work of no difficulty; yet I accomplished it after a struggle, and found myself in a large bare-looking field, which clearly had been lately prepared for sowing. Over in the extreme corner of it fluttered the object which had first attracted my attention. I glanced at my watch; there was plenty of time yet before my train started. With long quick strides I began to cross the field, and had not proceeded far before I distinguished that the gaudy ribbons adorned a scarecrow. Yet some instinct urged me forward, and the next moment I was standing before the figure, with its outstretched arms, on which hung a ragged dress, quite out of harmony with the gaily-trimmed hat that crowned its beauties.

Small difficulty was there now in understanding Mary Smith's escape. She had not only changed hats with the scarecrow, but had also, no doubt—as the farmer, to whom I explained the position about ten minutes later, assured me—made off with the tattered, weather-worn shawl which had helped to frighten away the birds from the wheat. With that wrapped well about her, hiding her own clothing, and with the crushed head-dress—neither hat nor bonnet, but a little of both—to complete her toilette, it was no marvel that the usually smart trim servant-girl had escaped recognition in the neighborhood where she was known.

The ingenious disguise settled for the moment my last doubt as to her guilt, which not even the chemist's information had been been quite enough to set at rest. The chloroform might have been purchased as a commission—say, for Miss Dean. But who, except a woman conscious of crime and fearful of detection, would have resorted to such a device as this? So attired she might, with good luck on her side, even have left the country already.

By the time that I took my seat in the train my opinion was of Mary Smith's cleverness had gone up in exactly the same proportion as my faith in her innocence had gone down; and I was assuring myself that now the only reason for keeping an eye upon Miss Dean's movements was that I might be able to produce that lady when required in the witness-box.

And yet why had Miss Dean taken the trouble to lie?

CHAPTER V.

ONE long deep breath of utter content and rest, and, without a word, Easter Jaxon nestles into the encircling arms, and lays her pretty head upon the broad breast of the man she loves!

"My darling! My little one! My own treasure!" he is murmuring, as his lips touch caressingly his dear one's lips and brow.

So for a while they remain, heart speaking to heart, hand clasped in hand, until at length Easter rouses herself, with a second happy sigh.

"Oh, Norman, when did you come? I never expected to see you to-day!" the girl whispers tremulously, not daring to raise to his the shy eyes which are apparently finding an absorbing interest in the yellow rose he has placed in his button-hole.

"No? Then I was more lucky than you, child, for I have been anticipating this pleasure for just twenty-four hours"—looking down at the slim figure with a world of affection on his handsome clever face. "But, dearest"—with a sudden change of manner—"I have some news for you. Are you brave enough to listen to it?"

She raises a startled face.

"Not bad news, Norman, surely?"

"No; good news, if I can make you believe it. Easter, do you know there is actually a chance for me to win fifteen hundred pounds!"

The brown eyes open wide. To Easter, in her inexperience, fifteen hundred pounds seems a small fortune. Heiress as she is, she knows little about money.

"Now, at once?" she cries, with eagerness.

Norman laughs, and shakes his head, while he leads his love to the sofa, and, seating himself, draws her down among the cushions beside him.

"I have to earn it first," he explains. "I have to find a murderer, Easter!"

He can feel the tremor that runs through the girl, and can see the lovely color fade from her cheeks.

"But that means danger to you," she cries quickly.

"No, I believe not; but it means a journey. I have to go to America, little one, and am not at all certain as to when I shall come back. It may be quite soon; it may be not for some time. But, anyhow, will my darling wait patiently for me, and welcome me when I do return? I must get this money, Easter—I must! It is not much after all; but, at least, it will be something. I shall not go to your father then as an absolutely penniless suitor."

His tone is bitter. Recollection has come suddenly, and, like a cloud, seems to cast a shadow over all the brightness of the day. Only those who have had similar experiences can understand the hardships of his position—a man of good birth and education, forced by circumstances into a position far beneath his proper station, without money or prospects, in love with one of the most attractive heiresses in the country! What has he to offer for all she can bestow? Is it probable that any parent would give her, in all the fairness of her sweet youth, into his keeping?

Easter clasps her small hands upon his arm, and gazes straight into his troubled eyes.

"Why do you care about that?" she says. "I have loads of money for us both."

"If only you had not! If only you were some artisan's daughter without a sixpence!" he cries wildly. "Then indeed I should go and win the reward with an easy mind. We could marry on that and my salary, and live together in some rose-covered cottage, where you should

keep chickens, and I would look after the bees!"—with a half laugh that is yet full of longing and yearning pain. "But, as it is, what will the world say when it knows of my audacity in even thinking of you? 'Fortune-hunter,' 'mercenary,' 'money-loving'—those will be the gentlest terms which people will say I merit."

His vehemence frightens Easter for a moment; then some faint perception of his feelings dawns upon her. With a smile, she does what she has never dared before. Of her own loving accord she touches his hot lips with her own.

"Dear, would that matter when I should know the truth?" she says.

With a passionate gesture Norman embraces her more closely, and presses her to his heart.

"My little comforter," he murmurs, "my pretty bird! You could trust me through it all, Easter?"

"Yes," she replies simply, "oh, yes! Because you see I love you."

It is a few minutes before conversation flows again into rational channels. At last however Easter draws herself a little backward, and puts a dainty finger upon his chin.

"No! You've had enough kisses for the present," she declares. "Now I want to understand all about your business, Norman. Who is this horrible person that you are obliged to find?"

Thereupon Norman pours out the whole tale of Miss Richardson's fate, softening its horrors in consideration of the tender heart of the listener, and dwelling most upon the difficulties that have beset his own task.

"If only I had gone to London at once, and sent somebody down to Titford in my place, all might have been well; but Thornaby has complicated matters, so that really I cannot see my way. For, fancy, Easter, though he actually watched Miss Dean on board the Solway, and the boat touched nowhere between Liverpool and New York, when it arrived at New York Miss Dean had disappeared."

Easter laughs as merrily as though the tale had been invented for her own special diversion.

"But she couldn't, you know, unless she was like the vanishing lady at the Egyptian Hall!"

Norman Fergusson shrugs his shoulders.

"She's worse, I believe," he declares, contracting his thick eye-brows into a puzzled frown. "But I will find her yet, Easter; and then she shall teach me her dodge."

The girl laughs again.

"How ferocious you look!" she says. "I shouldn't like to have you upon my track, Norman. But, after all, what does Miss Dean matter? It is Mary Smith you want."

The detective glances down at her with an amused smile.

"Is it? Well, I'm not so certain. If so, what is the meaning of those tricks? That Miss Dean desires to throw us off the scent and cause us to lose trace of her, there isn't a doubt. I only hope she has not succeeded!"

There is a brief silence. Then Easter remarks—

"Surely I've heard of Sir Auriol Rainton? I have a vague impression that father knows him. He has a place down in Devonshire, has he not?"

"Where he is at this moment, I believe. His aunt's money will come in useful to him any way; he was frightfully in debt. And now he will have quite a quarter of a million, besides the estate of Oldcourt, and the stolen jewels—when he gets them!"

"I wonder you don't suspect him," says the girl sagely.

"So do I almost! And yet somehow I feel sure that he is all right." The detective does not think it needful to add that Sir Auriol is in fact under supervision, in spite of this conviction. "By the way, little woman, I ought to warn you to keep my confidences to yourself. I know that you can guard a secret, or I should not speak so openly."

She rubs her cheek caressingly upon the sleeve of his coat, as she replies, in her soft tones—

"You may trust me. What was the value of the jewels, Norman?"

"Fifty thousand pounds, so far as can be estimated; they were a wonderful collection, people say. Of course I never saw them."

"Perhaps you may some day"—hopefully. "And now tell me what you mean to do when you reach America. I want to be able to imagine you at work."

"First, I shall see the man who boarded the Solway, and make certain that Miss Dean was actually not on the vessel. Afterwards I must go to Utah, trace Mary Smith, and—and probably bring her back to England with me."

Easter sighs.

"Poor thing!" she murmurs, in her pity; then, after a pause, "And if Miss Dean was really not there?"

"Oh, the police all over England are already hunting after her! If she did not leave the country, then she will not be long at liberty. So peculiar-looking a woman cannot hope to hide herself for any great while."

"Lame, with a face swollen on one side, few front teeth, blue spectacles, and no eye brows," Easter says, keeping count upon her delicate fingers. "It would scarcely be possible for any one to mistake her even in a crowd. Norman, I shall look at every woman I meet in future, and wonder, 'Can you be Miss Dean?'"

Norman stoops, and kisses the eager face.

"And suppose she was disguised when I saw her? What then, child? But, after all, I'm afraid there is but little chance of your encountering her. She must have been on the Solway when it left Liverpool. Thornaby declares positively that he saw her go on board only about a quarter of an hour before the vessel left the dock; and he can swear that during that quarter of an hour she never left the ship."

"And she could not have come back in some other way—by a rowing-boat, or anything of the sort?" is Easter's next brilliant suggestion.

Norman laughs.

"Impossible! She might have attempted the pilot boat; but I have seen and questioned the pilot, who declares that the only passenger he brought back was a young lady of twenty-two or so, who had been seeing a friend off, and had, by mistake, remained on board too long. The captain was very much put out about it. But the girl was so pretty—the gruff old sailor who spoke to me seemed quite enamoured of her charms—that nobody could be anything but polite to her. So the thing was managed, she was got somehow or in the boat, and reached land safely."

"That couldn't," begins Easter, when suddenly the door opens, and Lady Zillwood, with a laugh in her handsome eyes, stands before them.

"Now, you two very reprehensible young people," she exclaims, "when are you coming into the dining-room? Easter, we've been expecting you back for ages! As to you, Mr. Fergusson"—offering her hand—"Caryl has just come in, and is raving upon the degeneracy of friendship! That you should be neglecting him for this little creature, whom you have not known a quarter of the time that you and he have been acquainted! Come!"

But Easter, in pretty confusion, hangs back.

"Oh, I can't! Let me go home, Una. Mrs. Carnegie will never stop chaffing; and I can't bear it to-night. He is going so far away!" The rosy lips quiver; then two big tears rise and roll heavily over the soft cheeks. She has broken down at last.

Una places a protecting arm round the slim waist.

"Poor little thing!" she whispers caressingly. "You shall do as you prefer. And I suppose, if you are to be back in time for dinner, you ought to be starting. You may put her into the brougham, if you like, Norman"—with a smile and a pause before using the brotherly title. "Then you must come in, and talk to my friends. If you'll ring the bell now, and I will order the carriage round: it is too dark for the ponies to-night."

"Good-bye, my darling," murmurs Norman, as the door closes behind the Countess. "Oh, Easter, I may think of you as loving me all the time, little as I deserve it—may I not? You will be true, dearest, however long we have to wait?"

Easter puts one arm around his neck, and whispers her answer.

"I will be true always, Norman." Then, bursting into sobs—"But what shall I do while you are all those miles away?"

They are standing upon the bear-skin rug in front of the fire. The bright firelight alone is lighting up the room and the dainty figure of the sobbing girl. As the man at her side watches her, a great pain fills his whole being. To have to leave her thus seems too cruel!

"Darling, don't cry! You break my heart," he says imploringly. "After all, we have had to bear separation before. It is three months since last we saw each other, Easter: perhaps in another three we may be together again. I cannot tell. And we shall live in each other's hearts, however great the distance that divides us."

"If only I might have a letter from you," sobs Easter. "But that Una won't let me do. You know she made us promise not to write until we had my father's consent to our engagement."

Norman sighs heavily.

"We must not grumble, if she thinks it right, though, I will see what my persuasions will achieve before I go. There, look up and smile, love! Hope for the best."

Easter tries hard to do as she is told.

"I do hope!" she declares, with a very watery smile. "And, Norman, I wish you would, at any rate, write me out an account of all you do while you are away. Begin at the beginning of this murder affair, of which I haven't heard half the details, and wind up your story when you are within sight of England again. Will you?"

At this suggestion Norman is pleased to scoff.

"I look like a literary character, don't I? Still I'll do my best, if it will please you, love. And now I must let you go. Only I want to say one thing first—don't trust Mrs. Jaxon."

The girl pushes back her disordered hair and dries her eyes.

"Why?" she asks, in surprise.

Norman hesitates.

"To tell the truth," he answers, with a half laugh, "I scarcely know. Yet, although I have seen her only once, and then had scarcely a moment's conversation with her, I somehow doubt her. Still, that may be only prejudice because she hurt my pride. She certainly disliked the notion of meeting a detective at Lord Zillwood's dinner-table, and was at no pains to hide her feelings."

"Horrid creature!" exclaims the girl. "That was before I knew you—wasn't it, Norman? Don't be afraid; I don't mean to trust a word she says. But, oh, I cannot stay! The horses will be taking cold. Good-bye, my dearest!"

"When I come back I shall go to your father, Easter, let my prospects be as bad as they may," Norman says. "I wish now that I had been brave, and risked it three months ago. Good-bye, my love, good-bye!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

How Animals Bear Pain.—One of the most pathetic things is the manner in which the animal kingdom endures suffering. Take horses, for instance, in battle. After the first shock of a wound they make no sound.

They bear the pain with a mute, wondering endurance, and if at night you hear a wild groan from the battlefield it comes from their loneliness, their loss of that human companionship which seems absolutely indispensable to the comfort of domesticated animals.

The dog will carry a broken leg for days wistfully but uncomplainingly. The cat, stricken with stick or stone, or caught in some trap from which it gnaws its way to freedom, crawls to some secret place and bears in silence pain which we could not endure.

Sheep and other cattle meet the thrust of the butcher's knife without a sound; even common poultry endure intense agony without complaint.

The dove, shot unto death, flies to some far-off bough, and as it dies the silence is unbroken save by the pattering on the leaves of its own life blood.

The wounded deer speeds to some thick brake, and in pitiful submission waits for death. The eagle, struck in mid-air, fights to the last against the fatal summons. There is no moan or sound of pain, and the defiant look never fades from its eyes until the lids close over them never to uncover again.

On Man's Body.—According to the Cabalists, the first man Adam, and all the rest of mankind in his right, had divine original marks imprinted upon them by the fingers of God. These marks they call Pachad and Chesed. The first was to keep the beasts in awe of men; the latter to keep men in love one with another. The first they otherwise call the left hand and sword, the other the right hand and sceptre of God. These characters at the first were very strong, and of great prevail. But since the prevarication, these Traditioners say, they grew very much defaced and worn, and very hardly to be distinguished either by men or beast; not utterly defaced, but partly remaining, and so much the more or less legible, as the man hath more or less blotted out the Image of God in him.

Bric-a-Brac.

The Name Marie.—In France every female who is called by the name of Marie is entitled on Assumption Day, August 15, to receive a bouquet. The younger girls are presented with perfectly white flowers, while those given to the elder ladies are not confined to any one color or description.

Decisive Disputes.—When two Dyaks in Borneo have to decide which is in the right, they have two equal lumps of salt given to them to drop into water, and he whose lump dissolves first is deemed to be in the wrong. Or they put two live shell-fish on a plate—one for each litigant—and, squeezing lime juice over them, the verdict is given according to which man's mollusc stirs first.

Paper, etc.—The Egyptians invented the papyrus 1730 B. C.; the Chinese silk paper towards the middle of the seventh century B. C. The Chinese are also credited with the invention of ink and pencils; but in Europe the iron stylus and the reed continued to be employed until the time when the goose-quill was first pressed into service in the course of the sixth century B. C.

Franking Privilege.—The strangest things were franked under Treasury warrants and sent by post until the early part of the eighteenth century. Mr. Scudamore has extracted from the records, among the others, "Fifteen couple of hounds going to the King of the Romans with a free pass," "Two maid-servants going as Laundresses to my Lord Ambassador Methuen," "Mr. Crichton carrying with him a cow and divers other necessities."

Lacquer.—Japanese lacquer is a substance extracted from a tree. It grows in the north of Japan, and the gum is prepared and sent to all parts of the country. It is a rank poison while soft. Many people cannot endure the smell, or pass a workshop without suffering. A great deal of skill is required in making the gum harden and set. When set, it is waterproof and perfectly harmless; it stands heat, and is tough and hard. Wood, metal, leather, paper, and fabrics take lacquer easily.

A Tree on a Tower.—Seeds of trees taken by birds, or by winds, frequently lodge in some decaying mortar crack on tops of high buildings, and will grow out and make quite large trees. One of these is in the city of Utica, N. Y., where on the top of a city church tower is a Mountain Ash, which, about fifteen or sixteen years ago probably sprouted. It still continues to grow, and has now reached a height of about seven feet. The roots push their way into the cracks and crevices of the mason-work. During the last two or three years it has blossomed and borne clusters of scarlet berries. It is said by some friend to be one of the interesting sights of Utica.

In the Ark.—"There is a tradition that in the Ark," says an old writer, "'so soon as ever the day began to break, Noah stood up towards the Body of Adam, and before the Lord, he and his sons Sem, Ham and Japheth; and Noah prayed, and his sons, and the women answered from another part of the Ark, Amen Lord.' Whence you may note too, if the tradition be sound enough, the antiquity of that fit custom, obtaining still especially in the Eastern parts, of the separation of sexes, or the setting of women apart from the men in the Houses of God. Which sure was a matter of no slight concernment, if it could not be neglected, no, not in the ark, in so great a straightness and distress of congregation."

Woman's Chief Charm.—A New York paper recently offered the sum of twenty dollars for the best answer to the question, "What is a woman's chief charm?" The prize was won by a lady, the gist of whose letter is as follows:

The womanliness that wins love and commands respect; that makes her strong in hopefulness when concerned for those she loves, yet clinging and trusting as a child on the stronger nature for the necessary rounding out of her existence. The womanliness that is her shield in dubious places and her defence in danger; that makes her gentle and loving, quick of sympathy, patient in endurance, eager to forgive, generous and self-sacrificing, and that makes the world lovelier and purer for its existence. The womanliness that makes her beautiful in the eyes of men who live for her and die for her as mother sweetheart, and wife, and "whose price is far above rubies."

REST.

BY A. H. B.

The dew on the thorn glitters bright in the gloaming,
The thrush carols clear from the sycamore-tree,
And, all honey-laden from 'mid flowers roaming,
His way toward the hive takes the o'er-tired bee.

Peers forth through the folds of yon purple cloud's lining
A silver gem, shedding its lustre afar;
O'er dale and o'er meadow, with mellow gleam shining,
Fall softly the rays of the bright Evening Star.

The day-toil is over, the toilers reposing,
Each blossom is folded, each bird on her nest;
And o'er the still peace of the Summer-eve closing
There falleth the balm of God's sweet-given rest!

A Woman's Trust.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "LADY OLIVIA," "OWEN DALES' ORDEAL," "MOLLY'S MYSTERY," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXVIII—(CONTINUED.)

ONE day, however—the day Yorke had galloped past Lucy in the lane—they had very nearly met face to face, for Ralph Duncombe had left the house a few minutes only before Yorke had entered. Yorke had come down from London for a few hours, and had ridden with Lady Eleanor, and she had thought that he was going to remain to dinner, but quite suddenly he had announced that he must get back to town. Once or twice lately he had similar fits of restlessness, and had come and gone unexpectedly. Lady Eleanor did not press him to stay—his chains, even now, should be covered with velvet—and he had ridden off, having arranged to leave his horse at the station to be fetched by a groom.

He had trotted down the drive quietly enough, looking back once or twice to smile, to wave his hand to Eleanor, who stood on the steps watching him, but once out of sight, he stuck the spurs into his horse, and the high-spirited animal bounded off like a shot from a gun.

And as he tore across the lawns and down the road, the devil that sat behind Yorke Auchester taunted and upbraided him after the manner of devils—

"You ungrateful hound, why can't you be happy? Why can't you rest and be content, you are going to marry one of the richest women in England; you are going to be rich—rich—you who haven't a penny—haven't a penny of your own; you who are envied by every man who knows you, and thousands who don't, but have read of you in the papers. What do you want, man; what do you want?"

And all Yorke could answer, with a groan, was—

"One more moonlit night at Portmaris with Leslie by my side. Leslie, Leslie!"

The horse was in a lather when they reached the station, but his master was not tired. That was one of his troubles, the difficulty in feeling tired enough to be sleepy, and directly he got to town he set off walking, and the devil of unrest trudged behind him as he had sat behind him on the horse.

He, Yorke—and the demon with him—turned into the club at last, and Yorke ordered some dinner. The footman brought him the "carte de jour," but Yorke flicked it from him.

"Bring what you like," he said, indifferently, and he was eating it as indifferently when Lord Vinson sauntered up.

"Hallo, Auchester!" he said.

Yorke nodded absently, not to say surlily.

"All alone? I'll join you!" He sat down, and after studying the carte with devout attention, ordered his dinner, and then, having disposed of his soup, wanted to talk. "Just seen Finetta," he said.

Yorke looked up swiftly, but said nothing; and Vinson went on as he picked the bones from his red mullet—

"'Pon my soul, I think all woman are mad, I do indeed."

"Why?" said Yorke; he was bound to say something.

"Why? Take Fin for instance. Here she is at the top of the tree, earning thousands a year, a regular popular favorite, and hang me if she doesn't shirk her work at the theatre three days out of six, and actually talks about cutting the shop altogether! Seems to have lost her senses lately; and she used to be so cute and up to Dick one time. Eh?"

Yorke said nothing, but glared at his plate.

"By the way, you and she have had a row, have you not?" said Vinson, after a moment or two.

"A row? No! Why?"

"Oh, well, I don't know. But when I mentioned your name the other day she just ripped out in a way to make a man see stars. Awful! I don't know what she isn't going to do to you."

"She's welcome to do all she likes, when she likes, and how she likes," said Yorke fiercely. "For God's sake, talk of something else!"

Now when a man is told to "talk of something else" he usually obeys by talking of nothing, and Vinson make haste with his dinner and left the table muttering something about wanting to see the evening paper.

"Seems to me that Auchester is going out of his mind," he said to a friend, and nodding behind the paper towards Yorke. "Snapped me up just now as if he meant to knock my head off. Too much luck, that's what the matter! What's the favorite for the sweepstake. Eh?"

He unfolded the paper as he spoke and glanced down the columns, and as he did so he uttered an exclamation.

"What's the matter with you?" demanded his friend.

"Hush!" whispered Vinson, and he clutched the man's arm and led him to a part of the room out of reach of Yorke's glaring eyes. "My great goodness! Talk of luck! Look here! Oh, Moses, did you ever?"

"Let me see!" said his friend impatiently. "You clutch the paper as if—what is it? Eh? Oh!"

They both stared at the paragraph, at which Vinson pointed in silence for a moment or two; then Vinson said in a whisper—

"Do you think he has seen it?"

"Not he! Do you imagine he would sit like that?" retorted the other man.

"Then—then, we ought to break it to him, eh?" said Vinson. "By George, I don't half like the job. Here, you come with me."

They both approached the table, and Yorke nodded to the other man, but did not extend a warmer greeting.

"Not in Scotland, old man," said Vinson, quaking a little.

"What do you mean?" demanded Yorke, glaring at him. "I'm here, as you see."

"Not even yachting—er—er—when did you see Lord Eustace last; your uncle, you know."

Yorke looked from one to the other as if he thought they had suddenly lost their senses.

"What?" he said impatiently. "When did I see—why do you ask?"

"Oh, show it to him!" said Vinson desperately. "I told you I should spoil it!"

The other man held the paper to Yorke, and pointed to a paragraph, and Yorke taking it—none too courteously—out of his hand read this:—

"We regret to announce the death of Lord Eustace Auchester and his two sons. His lordship was yachting in the Mediterranean, and the vessel being overtaken by a sudden squall, capsized. Their lordships and the crew, six in number, were all lost. Lord Eustace Auchester was heir to the Dukedom of Rothbury, which will now descend to his nephew, Lord Yorke Auchester."

Yorke gazed at the printed words for a time as if he failed to grasp their significance. Then his face paled, paled slowly till it was white as death.

"Hold up, old man," said Vinson. "Dash it all, I wish I'd broken it better! Here, take some wine—"

But Yorke putting the wine from him rose, the paper still in his hand, and as if he had forgotten the presence of the two men stared wildly before him. Then, to their horror, he broke into a hoarse laugh.

"Why!" he exclaimed bitterly, and as if he were speaking to himself: "She should have waited! Yes, if she had waited she would have been a duchess after all!"

CHAPTER XXIX.

YORKE walked straight out of the club, leaving the two men staring at each other in amazement.

"Good Lord, poor Auchester's clean off his balance! Do you think it was the shock—that it was because we didn't break it gently enough?"

The other man shook his head.

"No, I don't think so. He's been very queer in his manner lately, and—but who the deuce did he mean when he said 'She might have been a duchess?'"

Yorke strode along Pall Mall, bewildered and stunned. At first he was too confused to feel anything; then regret and grief came uppermost. He was genuinely sorry. You may dislike your uncles and cousins, and yet be far from wishing them dead; and Yorke's eyes were moist and there was a lump in his throat as he thought of his three kinsmen lying at the bottom of the Mediterranean.

Then he began to realize what their unexpected and tragic death meant to him. There was only Dolph between him and the dukedom, and poor Dolph could not make old bones; and as it bore down upon him with its full significance, the terrible bitterness which had overwhelmed him at the club recurred. The turn of the wheel of fortune had come too late! If it had happened a month—five weeks earlier, he would not have been driven into a corner, the only way out of which was by a marriage with Eleanor Dallas.

"Too late!" he muttered. "Yes, if it had come sooner I might have kept Leslie——" But his heart revolted against this thought, and he swore under his breath. "No, no! It was the title she wanted, not me. It is better that she has gone."

He went home and saw by Fleming's face that he had heard the sad news. Poor Fleming tried to look cut up, but it was hard work, seeing that he had read the paragraph, "My master will be a duke!"

"Dreadful news, my lord," he said, in a tone proper to the occasion.

"Yes, yes, Fleming," said Yorke gravely.

"Your lordship will go over, I suppose?"

Yorke started slightly. He had not as yet thought of this, his obvious duty.

"Yes," he said. "Get some things ready and look up the time table."

"Yes, my lord. Your lordship will go down to White Place first," suggested Fleming respectfully.

Yorke hesitated, but he assented.

"I'm to go abroad with you, my lord?" said Fleming tentatively, and Yorke nodded.

"You can if you like—just as you like," he said.

"Thank you, my lord; I will go," said Fleming. "Your lordship may want things done, and I may be useful."

"You are always that," Yorke said, and it was just such simple expressions of gratitude as these that won the regard and devotion of Fleming and his kind.

Yorke went off to White place that night. He was tired, but he could not sleep in the train though he tried; his mind was too overburdened with thought.

Late as it was the ladies were up, and they had heard the news from a servant who had brought an evening paper from town.

Its effect upon Lady Eleanor was strange, and puzzled Lady Denby at first, for Lady Eleanor let the paper drop from her hand and stood staring before her with an expression in her eyes which was rather that of some vague dread than sorrow.

Lady Denby went to her and drew her to a couch.

"It is terribly sudden, and I am not surprised at your being upset, dear," she said; "but—what is it, Eleanor? You are not going to faint?" for Lady Eleanor had swayed and fallen back, with the look of dread still in her eyes.

She recovered after a moment, and the tears came.

"Oh, poor things, poor things! Oh, it is dreadful, but—God forgive me—it was not of them I was thinking, but of—of Yorke and myself!"

"Of Yorke?" said Lady Denby, puzzled still.

"Yes," said Lady Eleanor, in a low and half strained voice. "Don't you see? The wedding must be put off now!"

Lady Denby stroked her hand soothingly.

"Yes, of course, dear; but there is nothing in that to frighten you, for you look frightened, Eleanor."

"I am! I am!" came in a whisper from the pale lips. "It seems like—like a judgment on me; as if Heaven were angry, and meant to throw obstacles in the way."

"Oh, my dear Eleanor!"

"Yes! You don't know—you don't understand what I feel! And I felt so happy, so safe! And now—— How long do you think it will be necessary to put it off?"

Lady Denby was very nearly shocked.

"The suddenness of this terrible news has upset you, Eleanor," she said gravely; "but, for Heaven's sake, don't talk so—so callously."

"You do not know!" repeated Lady Eleanor with a deep sigh. "It is not that I do not feel for them! Ah, yes, I do, keenly—as keenly as you can; but—but it is as if it were fated that something should occur to prevent our marriage." She was silent a moment; then she said, as if to herself, "He will be the duke; I am sorry!"

"Sorry!"

Lady Denby stared at her.

"Yes," said Lady Eleanor, in the same low reflective voice. "Yes, I would rather that he was what he is, and—and poor. I would rather that he owed everything to me. Now—now it will be I who will owe much to him!"

"That is a fine example of pride as I have ever met with!" said Lady Denby.

"Is it?" said Lady Eleanor. "You do not know or understand. Do you think"—she looked up with a look of pain in her beautiful eyes—"do you think that, if he were free, he would ask me to be his wife?"

"Eleanor, I have often said in jest that your affection for Yorke was undermining your reason, but, in solemn truth, I begin to think that there is some little truth in my assertion. Dry your eyes and compose yourself! He will be here presently; he is sure to come the moment he hears the news. He will have to go over and see about the funeral——"

"No, no; why should he?" said Lady Eleanor, wincing; then she flushed as if with shame. "Yes, yes, of course! And you think he will come?"

"There he is!" said Lady Denby, as they heard Yorke's step in the hall. "For Heaven's sake don't breathe to him the charming sentiments you have favored me with!"

Lady Eleanor shook her head, and bit her lips to bring the color into them.

"Do not fear," she said. "It is only when I am alone, or with you, that I show my doubts and fears!"

Yorke came in, and took her in his arms and kissed her.

"You have heard the news, Eleanor, I see," he said gravely.

"Yes! It is dreadful, dreadful! To think that all three should be gone; those two poor boys! You are going over, Yorke?" for he had got on his traveling ulster.

"Yes, I am going to meet Fleming at Charing Cross; I shall have to go back at once."

"At once? It was good of you to come so far just to say 'Good-bye!' But you are always good to me, Yorke," and she laid her head on his shoulder. "This—this will make a difference to you, dearest?"

He did not affect to misunderstand her.

"Yes," he said simply. "Two days ago there seemed little chance of my being Duke of Rothbury; now—but I hope and trust dear old Dolph will live to be a hundred."

"And I, and I!" she responded fervently. "I would rather have you as you are, Yorke; far, far rather!"

"I'm afraid that this sad affair will delay our wedding, Eleanor," he said. And he said it as sadly as he could.

"Yes," she whispered, her face still hidden on his shoulder. "Yes, it must, I suppose; but"—he could almost feel her blush—"but not for long," she added, nearly inaudibly.

"I don't know," he stammered. "I—we—shall see. I must find Dolph; he was in Switzerland; but I think it is very likely that he has moved down south with this cooler weather. He will be cut up; he liked poor Eustace better than any of us did. I must go now, dear," he said presently.

"So soon!"

"Yes, I'm afraid so. Is there anything you want me to do—anything I can tell Dolph?"

She shook her head.

"There is only one thing I want," she said in a low voice, "and that is—you! Come back as soon—the first moment you can, Yorke; and—and—do not forget me!"

He would have been a far worse man than he was if he had not been touched by the depth of her love; and he kissed her with greater warmth than he had ever before shown her.

When he had gone Lady Eleanor threw herself down on the sofa, and hid her face in her hands; and Lady Denby, when she came in an hour later, found her thus.

Do it as luxuriously as you may, the journey from England to the south of Italy is a tiresome and aggravating one, and Yorke reached Policastro—the place at which the bodies were lying—worn out mentally and physically. It was fortunate that the faithful Fleming had accompanied him; and never did his devotion display itself more plainly or to better advantage.

There was a number of persons, busybodies, there who would have surrounded Lord Anchester at once; the whole coast was in a state of excitement over the catastrophe; but Fleming kept them at bay, and insisted upon his master taking some rest before he commenced the painful duties necessitated by circumstances.

"His lordship isn't going to see anyone to-night," he assured the landlord of the hotel, "not if it was the King of Italy himself. If anyone wants to know anything, let him come to me."

The landlord only half understood, but he was considerably awed by Fleming's tone, and departed shrugging his shoulders and spreading out his hands after the manner of his nation.

In the morning Yorke went out and identified the bodies, and arranged for the funeral, and was returning to the hotel when he met Grey, the duke's valet.

"His grace has just arrived, my lord; I came to meet you," he said. "I hope your lordship is well," he added respectfully, and with rather a serious glance at Yorke's face.

Yorke nodded.

"All right, thank you, Grey," he said. "And the duke?"

Grey hesitated.

"About as well as usual, I hope, my lord," he said quietly. "This sad affair has upset him, of course, and—and he hasn't been very strong lately—not since we left England, indeed, my lord. Your lordship will find him looking thinner," he added, as if to warn Yorke.

Yorke quickened his pace, and Grey led him to the duke's room.

The room was darkened by the drawn blinds, and Yorke, coming out of the sunlight, saw but indistinctly for a moment; then, as the duke raised himself on the couch, he started, and found speech difficult. The duke was but a shadow of even his former self; and the hand which he extended was so thin that Yorke was afraid to press it.

"Why, Dolph," he said with forced cheerfulness "this is a surprise! How did you come here?"

"We have been travelling night and day, as you have, no doubt," said the duke; and his voice sounded much thinner and more feeble than when Yorke had last heard it. "Pull up an inch or two of one of the blinds, and let me look at you."

Yorke did so, and came back to the couch, and the duke, after scanning his face, fell back with a faint sigh.

"And so you are going to be the next duke, after all Yorke," he said. "How you and I have fretted—no, I don't know that you ever cared much, but I did. And it has all come right at last. The Providence that 'shapes our ends rough—hew them how we will' has decreed that poor Eustace and his boys should go down there in the bay, and that you should reign in his place."

"I wish they were all alive still," said Yorke with sincerity.

"I know you do," responded the duke. "But I can't help thinking, as I have always thought, that you will make a good duke, Yorke. You have the presence and the moral strength, and a better temper than poor Eustace, who was fond of his money; but of the dead let us speak nothing but good. And now about yourself. Why did you not write and tell me of your engagement? Never mind, I understood; and if I did not write and tell you I was glad, you knew it without any epistolary assurance from me. You have done wisely, Yorke, very wisely. Eleanor has everything that a man wants in a wife—youth, beauty, wealth, and station. She will make a splendid duchess, Yorke."

"Yes," said Yorke, staring at the carpet moodily.

"I suppose I must hang on until you are married," said the duke as cheerfully and coolly as if he were talking of somebody else. "Once or twice lately I have been inclined to throw up the sponge; but somehow I've got a hankering to see you settled. And then, I suppose, I shall want to live long enough to take the next heir on my knees; men are never satisfied! But I don't suppose I shall be able to hold out till then——"

"For Heaven's sake don't talk such arrant nonsense," Yorke said emphatically. "You are no worse than you were——"

The duke smiled at him calmly, but significantly.

"My dear fellow, I am hanging on to life by my eyebrows," he said in a matter-of-fact tone.

"You must get back to England as quickly as possible," said Yorke, trying to speak in an assured and perfectly confident voice. "There is nothing like England in the winter, after all. Come back and let Eleanor nurse you——"

"That's an inducement, certainly," said the duke. "Eleanor and I were always fast friends."

"There—there is no news of—of——" He stopped.

"Of whom?" said Yorke with a frown, though he knew well enough.

"Of Leslie," said the duke, and a faint flush passed over his emaciated face.

Yorke shook his head.

"No," he replied, clearing his throat. "No. I have seen nothing and heard nothing of her since I left her at Port maris."

"She must have gone out of England," said the duke, knitting his brows. "Her father being an artist—as he thinks himself, poor fellow—would be ready enough to come abroad here, on the Continent. It is strange that I have not run across them."

Yorke said nothing, but the frown on his forehead deepened and darkened.

"When I shuffle off this mortal coil, you will find in my will that I have mentioned—Leslie," he paused before the name. "She won't mind, Yorke. She wouldn't take any money from me alive, but she may not mind when I am gone. After all, it was a cruel trick we—— I—played her, Yorke," he said in a remorseful tone.

"It was!" said Yorke curtly. "But it was a test, and—she failed to stand it!"

The duke sighed. Silence again for a moment or two, then, as if he were giving speech to a thought that had occurred to him long and often before this, he said hesitatingly—

"Do you think—mind, I only ask you the question for the sake of asking it; I have no reason for doing so—but do you think that there was the slightest chance of our having made a mistake?"

"What do you mean?" demanded Yorke.

"I mean—well, it is difficult to say exactly what I mean. But he know—or perhaps you don't know—how sick men brood and brood over a thing. You see, we have so much time on our hands, lying on our backs and counting the flies on the ceiling, that we think over things a great deal more closely than men in sound health. And—and—at times a doubt has crossed my mind——" He stopped. "There is no ground for it, I am sure! I could not have been mistaken; she spoke only too plainly the morning we parted. Besides, there is the fact of her breaking her appointment with you, of leaving you without a word beyond the message she sent by me——"

"And the message she sent by Arnheim; I met him the other day, and he gave it to me. I went off too quickly on the other occasion for him to do so. It was like that she sent by you; she wished to see you no more," said Yorke grimly.

"Yes, yes; there could be no mistake; and yet—well, as I have lain awake at night I thought of her as she was when we first met her. Do you remember?"

Yorke smiled bitterly. Did he remember?"

"So girlish and innocent; so quick to be pleased, and so grateful——" He sighed. "Yes, sometimes it has seemed impossible to me that she should have been so base and mercenary. But there could be no mistake, as you say. And, mind, I should not have said this if you had still been unsettled and hankering after her; but now ——"

"Don't say it now, either!" broke out Yorke, springing to his feet, and pacing up and down. "For God's sake don't talk of—of that time, or of her. I—I can't bear it! I beg your pardon, Dolph—but don't you see, don't you understand that though a man may cover up his wound, and cease to complain, the place may sting and ache still! I want to forget—to forget! And—and if there is any doubt—but there can't be—I've got to shut my eyes and ears to it, to put it away from me! If I did not, if I entertained it for a moment—well—"—he stopped and laughed bitterly—"that way madness lies! You and I had better agree to taboo the subject. The sound of her name—— How soon can we leave this place?" he broke off.

The duke sighed.

"You must get back as quickly as possible," he said. "Eleanor will miss you. The wedding must not be put off very long. You are already practically the duke. I shall pass over all the business of the estate to you at once, and it is right and fitting that you should be married. The world will see that. Three months—two will be long enough to wait; the wedding can be a perfectly quiet one."

"Very well," said Yorke impassively; "settle it as you like."

"Yes, it can't be too soon," said the duke thoughtfully. "You've got to consider me, you know," and he laughed. "Look here, my lord, you may as well begin to take the burden on your shoulders. Give me that despatch-box; there are some letters Grey has been bothering me about. It is something about the trees in the south park at Rothbury. Cut 'em down or let 'em stand, just as you think proper; they will be yours, you know, very shortly—thank God!"

CHAPTER XXX.

A FORTNIGHT later Lucy was returning from a rather lengthy ramble in the lanes round Newfold. She had a companion—one of the schoolgirls—this being the universal holiday, Saturday afternoon, and they both carried a basketful of roots and leaves, for whenever Lucy went out she managed to bring home something for planting in the little garden of which she and Leslie were so fond.

"I hope you're not getting tired, Jenny!" she said to the girl who tripped on proudly beside her.

"Oh, no, Miss Lucy."

"Well, I'm glad you are not," remarked Lucy, "for we are a long way from home yet."

"And it is going to rain," added Jenny, with that placid indifference to the weather which distinguishes country children.

Lucy uttered a little cry of alarm.

"What, and I have brought no umbrella, and you have only that thin cloak, Jenny. But perhaps you are wrong. I always notice that when people say it's going to rain it invariably turns out fine, perhaps for weeks."

"It's going to rain now, Miss Lucy," repeated Jenny still more confidently, and a moment or two afterwards she added, "There!"

Lucy felt a spot on her face, and seized the girl's basket.

"You must let me carry this, Jenny, because we shall have to hurry all we know. It will never do to get wet through. What would Miss Leslie say?"

This formula, which she found of great service when admonishing the children, lent speed to Jenny's small feet, and Lucy and she hurried along the road. But quickly as they went the rain caught them up, and presently it came down in a torrent.

Jenny laughed, and Lucy, who, being rather careful of her clothes, was inclined to take matters seriously, was constrained to laugh too.

"We must get under a tree," she said. "There, squeeze up against the trunk and I will stand in front of you and shield you as much as I can. Oh, what would I give for an umbrella!"

Jenny leant against the tree and amused herself by twisting a spray of brown ivy leaves into a wreath, and looking calmly up at the weather now and again; and Lucy was rapidly sinking into that semi-indifferent, semi-despairing condition which such circumstances produces, when she heard the rattle of a cart coming along the road.

"Jenny, there is a cart, and I believe it is going to Newfold," she said, with a sudden hopefulness. "Perhaps it is someone you who know—one of the tradespeople. If so, we will ask them to give us a lift."

"They won't want to be asked, Miss Lucy," said Jenny, shrewdly, and indeed truthfully, for the two school-teachers were already favorites in Newfold.

"Here it is then," said Lucy, then sighed disappointedly. "It is a dogcart—a gentleman's dogcart!" she said. "Bother!"

It came abreast of them, and was spinning past, when suddenly the gentleman who was driving seemed to see them, and after a moment's hesitation he pulled up the horse.

"You mustn't stand under that tree!" he called out.

Lucy colored and started for two reasons. One because she had been brought up in habits of obedience, and generally did what she was told, no matter who told her, and especially if the order were issued in a commanding voice, and this was a commanding voice. The other reason was because she recognized the voice itself. It was that of the gentleman whom she had met in the lane, and to whom she had given the fern root.

"Come away!" he said, gravely; then he appeared to recognize her, for he jumped down, and still holding the reins, came forward and raised his hat, and Jenny laughed to see the rain pour off the brim. "I beg your pardon," he said, "I did not see who it was for the moment, the rain is pelting so! But all the same, you really must not stand there; there is thunder in the air, and it is dangerous standing under a tree—lightning, you know!"

Lucy uttered a little cry, then laughed and blushed.

"Of course! How foolish of me not to think of that! But when you called out I was afraid I was doing some injury to the tree or trespassing."

He laughed, a grave, short kind of laugh, which, however, seemed to Lucy to suit him somehow.

"How wet you are!" he said. "Have you been standing here long?"

"Ever since it began," said Lucy, with a little shrug of her shoulders—a trick she had unconsciously caught from Leslie; "and we are waiting till it stops."

"I am afraid you will have to wait a long time!" he remarked. "It has set in for a wet evening. May I ask where you are going?"

"To Newfold," said Lucy.

"Newfold? Oh, yes! Will you let me offer you a lift? I am going there, or at any rate very near there, as far as the London road goes."

"Oh, no, thank you," said Lucy, flushing.

He looked disappointed, then he glanced at Jenny.

"The little girl is getting very wet, she will take a chill," he said, gravely.

"Oh, do you think so?" exclaimed Lucy, with instant alarm. "Oh, dear! And I am afraid she is not very strong. It doesn't in the least matter so far as I am concerned, for I never take cold; I am used to the country and rough weather, but Jenny—"

Jenny grinned at the idea of her being in any danger from an autumn storm, but she was too wise to make any remark, for she was dying for a ride in the handsome dogcart.

"I think you had better let me take her and you," he said, and seeing that she still hesitated, he cut the Gordian knot by lifting Jenny into the cart, and holding out his hand for Lucy.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

ON MATRIMONY.—Papa Bonding keeps a pretty sharp eye on his daughter, Mary, and many a would-be lover has taken a walk for a few minutes' conversation with the hard-hearted parent.

"You seem like a nice young man, and perhaps you are in love with Mary?"

"Yes, I am," was the honest reply.

"Haven't said anything to her yet, have you?"

"Well, no; but I think she reciprocates my affection."

"Does, eh? Well, let me tell you something. Her mother died a lunatic, and there's no doubt that Mary has inherited her insanity."

"I'm willing to take the chances," replied the lover.

"Yes, but you see Mary has a terrible temper. She has twice drawn a knife on me with intent to commit murder."

"I'm used to that—got a sister just like her," was the answer.

"And you should know that I have sworn a solemn oath not to give Mary a penny of my property," continued the father.

"Well, I'd rather start poor and build up. There's more romance in it, Mr. Bendigo," continued the lover. "I've heard all this before, and also that you were on trial for forgery, had to run away from London for bigamy, and served a year in prison for cattle-stealing. I'm going to marry into your family to give you a decent reputation! There—no thanks—good-bye!"

Mr. Bendigo looked after the young man with his mouth wide open, and when he could speak he said, "Some hyena has given me away on my dodge!"

THE TRUE CURE.—There are two ways of dealing with the evils in the world which we justly deplore and wish to abolish; one is to attack and try to break them down forcibly, the other to dissolve or exhale them by the active presence of good. The former of these methods appears so much the more direct and obvious that it generally gains the first place in our attention. We see a wrong, and our impulse is to crush it; we see injustice, and we long to exterminate it; we observe an unrighteous institution, and we desire to overthrow it. The slower and less direct method of overcoming evil with good, of substituting a better way for that which is bad, of devoting the same energy to building up that we would have given to the work of tearing down, obtains a gradual hold over us only with time and experience.

A WISE man will choose his drinks according to whether he prefers to fall on his side, on his back, or on his face. This, at least, is what seems to be suggested by some evidence before a Committee of the House of Commons. It had been proved by experiment that intoxication by beer or wine made a man fall on his side, while whisky had a tendency to bring him prone on his face, and cider or perry, taken in overdose, threw him prostrate on his back.

WITHOUT, YET WITH.

BY M. U. S.

I stand beneath the tree where once we stood,
  We two, together, sheltering from the rain;
The flowers are growing, and from out the wood
  Comes the soft murmur of the doves' refrain.
    Shall we e'er meet again?

I see the little path where once we strayed,
  The path run wild beneath the grasses' sway,
Flecked by sweet sunbeams playing through the glade;
  The steps of two passed over it that day:
    Now one has gone away.

The briar-rose blushing flings its sweets around;
  The bramble, gadding o'er the woodland ways,
Its tender offshoots trails upon the ground,
  Or with the graceful bracken gently plays;
    Alone, I stand to gaze.

Yet not alone, for lingering by my side,
  Thy spirit maketh beauty seem more fair;
Above all doubts, thy love shall still abide,
  And give me strength that I may bravely bear
    My daily weight of care.

My Friend the Major.

BY MARY HAMPDEN.

MY FRIEND the major was evidently out of spirits. I did my best to please him; I tried conversation, but he replied in monosyllables, and then I relapsed into sympathetic silence.

"By Jove! Mildmay," he exclaimed, "you might do or say something to enliven the way a little."

"My dear fellow, I thought you preferred your own thoughts."

"Pshaw! my thoughts are not enviable."

My friend the major certainly was out of his usual spirits. We had been travelling together the greater part of the day, and I had observed that a strange depression was gradually assuming command over his temper.

He was leaning back in the corner of a ramshackle fly that was conveying us from the station to his place in Hertfordshire, his lips smiling supercilliously at the improvements time had effected in the county, his eyes gazing sadly at the wintry landscape. He had not volunteered a remark all the way down from town, and yet he had the effrontery to blame me for the silence.

We had been brother officers; had been, I say, for we had both attained to retiring age; that very day we had taken leave of old comrades and were preparing to enter the noble corps of country gentlemen. Major John Cliffe! Poor old fellow, he never would have been a major if a sweet-faced, false-hearted little country girl had not jilted him years ago in the very county we were traversing. I had heard the tale, and could guess the old associations which were crowding and pushing for notice in my friend's memory. Many a day we had stood shoulder to shoulder amid the darkest scenes, and I was not likely to desert him because of a harsh word or a peevish lecture.

"Ah!" I said to myself, "what a rascal Cupid is! That must be the very stile where they met in the days of his boyish wooing; his hands clench the evening 'special' till the paper rustles and quivers in his grasp. Stay—he is leaning forward to gain a better view of the church. Is he thinking of a wedding that might have been? Can he picture the scene, the huzzaing tenantry, the flowers and feathers, the blushing bride? No, I was wrong after all; he was gazing at the grave-yard, not at the church, at the marble cross which marks the resting place of his many ancestors. Does he wish himself among them?"

As we passed the low wall which skirted the cemetery, Jack turned to me with a smile, the fit of ill-temper gone.

"Mildmay, old fellow, you won't thank me for bringing you to this out-of-the-way place. The house is dilapidated, I hear; the old servants must be deaf and stupid; my friends are dead or absent. You will wish yourself back at barracks before you've been half a week at Cliffe."

"Nonsense," I returned briskly; "I came for your society, not for your friends; to help you reform dilapidation, not to cavil at it. Country life may prove rather trying at first, but cheer up, old boy; it's a long lane that has no turning."

My commonplace remark was apparently prophetic; the road took a sudden turn to the left, and in less than a minute we were entering the gateway leading to as charming a country-box as it was ever my lot to see. The scene, fortunately, can be described in a few words. I agreed to write my friend's history, but did not bargain for incidental descriptions of rural surroundings.

A carriage-drive rounding a clump of laurel led to a low flight of steps, which, in their turn, gave entrance to a verandah, the very place for a bachelor smoke; the verandah was divided by a door which opened into a wide hall; the hall gave access to innumerable rooms all furnished with wise taste. No little side-tables standing at inconvenient angles for the purpose of displaying bewildering nick-nacks, no row of stiff-backed chairs ranged round the walls, suggesting a prayer meeting or a funeral; no vases on the floor, or milking-stools or other inappropriate objects; the place was evidently meant for life, for comfortable life. The servants were old and deaf, but my friend was hardly prepared for the respectful warmth of their reception; in their eyes he was still "Mr. Jack," not a stern bronzed man. Our dinner that night was badly cooked, and luke-warm when served, but (so much for sentiment!) we couldn't find it in our hearts to scold the aged retainers who lingered about the rooms and halted at the doorways to catch a glimpse of the "young master."

"Aye, it does one's 'eart good to look at 'im," murmured the old butler; "a finer man nor 'is father, tho' 'e in 'is time was reckoned the 'andsomest man in the county!"

"Jest to see 'im sittin' there, like the past days come back," echoed the white-haired housekeeper; "an' I as nursed 'im on my knee when 'is poor mother was that ill she couldn't take 'im; to think 'e'd 'ave growed to be such an 'onor to 'is country."

Jack rose and went to the door, shaking hands right and left, with a flush of pride on his brow and a glimmer of something else in his eyes. Well, we men don't care to own to sentiment, so I will say no more about our first evening at Cliffe.

Next morning we transacted business, examined leases and accounts, interviewed gardeners, coachman, &c., and paid a visit to the stables, where the major's gallant grey was shrilly neighing his contempt for his new surroundings. A few feeble old carriage horses were raising their downcast heads in wonder; not an animal there (with the exception of the grey) that I would have valued at more than ten good sovereigns. My friend sighed heavily, and we passed on to the farm buildings, fruit gardens, vineries, finding all alike dejected in appearance. We did not have a cheerful morning, and I was glad when the time came for walking back to lunch.

We sat talking and smoking late into the winter afternoon, and I was preparing my mind for a cosy evening, when Jack, rising and laying a hand on my shoulder, surprised me by saying:

"Mildmay, my dear fellow, I hope you won't be very much bored if I leave you alone? I'm going for a ride round the country, but I shall not be long; perhaps you have some letters to write?"

Going out riding in the cold dusk! Relinquishing light, wine, warmth, cigars, and the society of a man who was devoted to him! My friend the major was out of spirits again. "Poor old man! He came home some hours later, wet through with the mist, and cold at heart, I knew. Cupid again. How much a false frivolous girl may have to answer for. I myself could fairly say that I feared neither foe nor danger, but I did fear love. "If a man once falls a prey to the tender passion," I said to myself, "there is no knowing what may become of him."

Jack was talkative after dinner.

"Mildmay, do you know any of the people round about?"

"Well, there are the Leesons—I met Fred Leeson last year in India; I could renew his acquaintance if I wished—and the Phipperings, the widow lady with the two pretty daughters who came to Aldershot once."

"I think I remember something about Miss Leeson. Wasn't she engaged to a man who broke his neck at York steeplechase?"

"Yes, a very fair girl with a neat little fortune."

The major smoked in silence for some few minutes, then, slowly removing his cigar, he crossed the room to the fire, and turning, faced my arm-chair. His expression was grave; I had known him too many years not to be aware that he had arrived at some important decision, and I had not long to wait before he announced it.

"I told you I had a selfish motive in persuading you to come down to this dilapidated hole; the place would be bad enough in May, but in October it is simply unbearable. You have given me your advice about the estate; now I want you to find me a wife, Mildmay. I cannot pass Christmas here haunted by old memories; the loneliness unnerves me. You are the best friend a man could have, you've never been jilted, so you don't understand—if I am not married before the festive season I shall go abroad forever."

I was utterly surprised.

"But, my dear fellow, you might spend Christmas in town, and then come back again."

"If I once leave Cliffe, I leave it for ever. You have never failed me yet; you will not desert me now?"

"No, I couldn't, Jack, dear boy. I don't feel altogether satisfied, but I'll do my best. We will commence the wife-hunt to-morrow."

"You won't find me difficult to please, Mildmay. All girls are the same to me now; only keep me from being deceived again."

"We had better begin by calling upon the Leesons. Margaret is supposed to be very charming—you might like to console her—twenty-nine, tall, good-looking."

"Sufficient for the day is the evil thereof. Come to bed, Charlie, and we will finish our talk and reckon up individual charms by the cool light of morning."

Jack Cliffe laughed sarcastically. "A very quiet, gentle girl will suit him best," I said to myself; "he will fall gradually in love with her, will tell her his troubles, and discover that she alone can comfort him. How fortunate that I should have thought of Margaret Leeson."

The morning found my friend's determination unchanged. He did not speak again upon the subject, but I heard him order the horses to be ready at eleven, a groom to follow. We discussed the weather, the daily papers, the shooting, carefully avoiding the least reference to Christmas, and at the time appointed we rode off, the major talkative, I feeling a terrible weight of responsibility. What if some confiding English girl should be persuaded into a loveless match? Would it comfort Jack, or would it lead to greater misery for them both? In any case had I the slightest right to try to bring about such a marriage? I was still undecided about the point when we entered the gates of Vale Lodge.

Fred Leeson, a bright young man, whom I rather liked—received us with enthusiasm. We were introduced to Margaret, and found her a reserved, languid girl, too much absorbed in the intricacies of worsted-work to pay more than the slightest attention to the conversation. Fred proposed a visit to the paddock.

"Hullo, Madge, you'd better come too."

She assented wearily; accepting the major's polite attentions with an indifferent bow and a shadowy smile; the cool crisp air failed to bring the least color to her pallid cheek, and she held up an umbrella to shade her eyes from the wintry sun. As I watched her tall, slim figure passing along the garden path beside my friend, I felt very sorry for the shock and the trouble from which the poor girl was suffering, but was conscious of the fact that our first visit had proved a failure.

We were traversing one of those winding paths, assiduously cultivated, branches meeting overhead, grass beneath the feet, which in country estates are invariably designated "woodland walks." Shrubs tortured by the pruning-knife bordered the turf, and at every turn a seat was stationed by a tree.

On one of these seats sat a widow-lady, without exception the prettiest little woman I have ever seen, whose sombre dress suited her to perfection. I recognised her in a moment. Old Time during twenty years had stolen a few of her beauties, only to replace them by others; the fair hair had not lost its golden light; the eyes, though worn, had gained in expression; the sensitive mouth, which had smiled too often and too much, had become pathetic; the dark lashes rested upon cheeks as perfect in contor though less rounded. Notwithstanding the difference between girl and woman, it was not difficult to recognize in Lady Mary Marleigh the Mary Lumley whose broken vow had driven the major far from Cliffe.

The hand which should have worn his wedding-ring lay upon her knee; she was gazing at the golden circlet which had pledged her faith to another, and I saw she had been crying. That is the way of the world. We human beings make our own misfortunes and then lament them.

I had barely time to remember the awkwardness of the situation before Jack saw her. She sprang to her feet with a low cry; in another instant he was clasping both her little hands in welcome.

Jilted! Forsaken! His hopes ruined—his ambition killed by her infidelity, and the man was gazing at her face, and murmuring so low that I could scarcely hear the words.

"Mary! have courage. I fear I startled you!"

"Startled me? Oh, Jack, I was thinking of you. Have you ever forgiven me?"

"Years ago, love—years ago."

Luckily Fred and Margaret were out of sight, I stole away through the bushes, it was not a scene for a third person. My friend had told me the truth, he had not proved hard to please. I recalled his weary tone—"All girls are alike to me now." Yes, with him to have loved once was to have loved always.

I strolled back across the fields through the winter sunshine, wondering long at my own blind folly. To think that all the years I had known Jack Cliffe I had so mistaken his character. I had thought him unforgiving and cynical! Yet, proud as I knew him to be, could he bear to listen to affectionate words from her whose falsehood had wrecked his life? Could he help scorning her in his heart?

Oh, that long, dreary day! may it never be my fate to spend such another. The hours followed each other with laggard steps—four o'clock to five—five to six—and from six on till nine. Old John came in to know whether I would wait dinner for master. I answered yes, and throwing great lumps of coal upon the fire resigned myself to fate.

Jack came at last, so softly that I did not hear him; perhaps I had been dozing over my own reflections.

"Well, Cliffe," I exclaimed, "I thought you were never coming."

"I am sorry you waited for me—it was selfish to forget all about you, but I've been lost to every thought but one this evening. I know you'll wish me joy, Mildmay."

"So you are really engaged again to the girl who forsook you?"

Jack smiled as he answered me:

"I don't think I ever left off being engaged to her; and as she is no longer a girl, but a woman who has known trouble, I must try and add comfort to love. I never could have forgotten her, so all your trouble would have been in vain, Charlie, and December would have seen an unhappy bachelor flying from his home. You will help me make Cliffe gay for Christmas, won't you? My wife must have everything bright about her."

But I persisted, roused into expressing my feelings somewhat bluntly:

"Do you mean to say you've forgiven her for jilting you?"

Jack looked gravely at the fire and pondered deeply. I had expected to anger him, but he was evidently not displeased, only thoughtful. He sat silent so long that I thought he had forgotten my question, when he suddenly looked me full in the face and said:

"If she needs forgiveness, I can leave that to Heaven. She is in want of happiness, and I mean to give it her."

And this was the way my friend the major found a wife. I never knew him to be a very religious man, he wasn't in the habit of speaking about Heaven, but when he did he usually settled a point with it.

So the autumn passed away, and I never knew a man so changed—jovial, light-hearted, and at peace—his nature seemed to be freed from the coils of the demon sorrow. I never heard him make a cynical speech, or give one sneer at the world's expense. I believe there are some hearts for whom love alone is too dependent a passion, who need to feel it hallowed by a touch of pity. I believe that Jack's face when he brought his wife home to Cliffe was radiant with a happiness which could never have been as earnest in the days of his boyish romance.

My dear old friend! his years of sorrow had passed into a life of fireside joy, which no doubt could now assail, which no lover's tiff could mar.

The old deaf servants clustered in the hall to welcome their "young master's" bride. She took my hand and smiled at me through her tears.

"Major Mildmay, I hope you will give me a welcome too? I will try all my life to make up to Jack for—or——"

And then the sweet voice faltered, and she turned away to dry her eyes that he might not see her crying.

What a gay Christmas that was at Cliffe! My pen is quite unequal to the task of describing it—good old British cheer, home love, and universal good-will. I took my leave on New Year's day, and my friend the major said, with a great hand-shake:

"God bless you, Mildmay! You've helped

to make me the happiest man in England."

I was certain it was no doing of mine, but I liked to be thanked for it, and by the next Christmas he possessed another cause for happiness—the deaf old servants clustered in admiration around a little "Master Jack."

Not much of a tale, is it? Only a life's love, cherished through sorrow, blossoming at last into the fairest of household flowers. May Heaven grant many a man a still more uneventful history—without the years of waiting, without the broken vows. Few would grumble at the absence of thrilling incident, I fancy.

Somehow Jack's wedding made me think seriously; he found such comfort himself in helping his wife to forget her former unhappy life that I envied him the power of consolation, and wished myself to guard some tender creature from sad memories of the dead past, and brighten her living future. I married soon, and settled down near the Cliffes. My wife talks very prettily, and is not always absorbed in worsted work—she does not spare her smiles either, and has learned to like the sunshine. Poor dear Margaret! how I misjudged her that day, and how often she thanks me for having delivered her from her "wicked, sulky misery," as she calls it. Bless the dear girl! for how much have I to thank her! Home sympathy, fireside comfort, and last, but not least, a baby girl. We have decided that when the child grows up she is to marry Jack's son.

From our windows I can see across the fields—the summer shadows are lengthening on the turf—the sun is gliding slowly down the west, reluctant to leave old England—and on a distant lawn before a gabled house, I recognise the Cliffes, taking an evening stroll, arm in arm, he bending his tall figure as he gazes in her face.

He looks across the fields and waves his hat to me—I return our usual greeting—it is our "good-morning" and "good-night"—it means much which two men of the world do not care to speak to each other: it signifies a life-long friendship; it embodies the simple prayer, "God bless my friend the major!"

Polly Hopkins.

BY T. H. N.

"PRETTY POLLY HOPKINS," the song says; and "Pretty Polly Hopkins," said the people who knew my Polly. I am bound to acknowledge, however, that they said it in more fun and mockery, and not out of compliment to her beauty,—for she had none.

Her two sisters were handsome, which made poor Polly's want of beauty all the more conspicuous; and as the girl, though she laughed at the remarks that were made, was secretly extremely sensitive about them, she quietly avoided being seen in their society, and, as she grew older, clung more and more closely to the peaceful retirement of home.

Nevertheless, she was thoroughly good-hearted and kind; and when their newly arrived lodger, Mr. Hugh Melville, was carried home one day, bleeding and senseless, the doctor confided his patient to Polly.

When weeks had lengthened into months, and Polly Hopkins led her invalid out into the pleasant air, and seated him, tenderly and carefully, under the shady trees, gazing upon him meanwhile with fond, earnest eyes, in which joy and grief strove visibly for mastery, the girl had learned to love the man for whom Heaven had permitted her to do so much. Still, not even her devotion could shield him from one terrible misfortune; the injuries had been to his head and face, and Hugh Melville was blind! Being blind, he fell in love with Polly. And now he could never see her.

At first, when Doctor Osborne said, "After Heaven, you owe your recovery to Miss Hopkins; her devoted nursing has done more for you than my skill," he thought of Miriam—beautiful Miriam—for whom he had felt a passing admiration already. Was it her gentle hand that touched his wounds so tenderly?—her soft and thrilling voice that whispered of sympathy and hope? One day he caught and kissed the little hand, as it ministered so skilfully and kindly to his needs, and, as he held it, said—

"Oh, dear little hand, how shall I ever thank your gentle mistress? As good as she is beautiful! Miss Miriam——"

The sensitive little hand gave a start within his own and fluttered, and made a faint attempt to get away. He knew instantly that he had made a mistake, but he held the little prisoner fast.

"I have been in error; it is to Agnes I should address my thanks, not Miriam. Ah, dearest friend and nurse——"

The little hand escaped. It had not trembled more than the gentle voice that answered him.

"Not Agnes, either. You never saw me, Mr. Melville. I am a younger sister, Polly."

He smiled, and cried almost unconsciously:

"Pretty, pretty Polly Hopkins!"

"Yes," answered Polly, quite simply, "that is what they all call me."

No wonder that his imagination immediately invested her with all sorts of charms.

"How I wish I could see your dear face," he said, with a bitter sigh. "I so often picture it to myself, Polly—a lovely, innocent face, with great dark eyes, and a little rosebud mouth—and I shall never see you—never! It is hard to bear!"

She had not the courage to undeceive him, fearing that if he knew the truth he would dislike her; and she loved him so! But one day he heard Miriam call her "dear little ugly duck."

"Why did Miriam call you that?" he asked.

Now Polly was truthful to the core, so she told him truly why.

"Then you are not beautiful? 'Pretty Polly Hopkins' and 'the Ugly Duck' are one. All the same, I love you, Polly. To me, at least, you are beautiful because you are sweet and good. Will you marry me, Polly?"

She could not believe him at first.

"I am not good enough—not pretty enough."

But he talked her out of that, and so they were engaged.

"And I'll try to be prettier. I'll take pains, and do my hair, and dress," she said, with a sudden inspiration. He smiled sadly.

"What does that matter? I shall never see my little wife. It is her loving heart that must suffice me."

She set about it earnestly. The heavy masses of luxuriant hair were carefully arranged and braided. Love and happiness had given a new expression to a pair of candid, gentle, soft, grey eyes; and when well-made and becoming dresses set off a graceful, girlish form, the "ugly duck" was ugly no longer, and Pretty Polly Hopkins was pretty indeed.

So the winter passed; spring was at hand. Hugh Melville set forth, with sight restored, to fulfil the promise he had given in his blindness—to marry the woman he had never beheld.

He had written to prepare her for his coming, but had not informed her upon what day he should arrive, for he thought, "I'll get a sight of her before she sees me at all, so as to get used to her appearance, and not shock or wound the poor soul's sensitive heart by any show of disgust. If the sacrifice is to be made at all, it may as well be made graciously."

A large garden ran all round Mrs. Hopkin's cottage. It was May. Hugh Melville stood just outside the gate, concealed by the trunk of a large tree, watching the house. All at once his heart gave a leap and a great thrill. He had heard Polly speaking. The simplest words,—

"Delia! Cousin Delia!—where are you? Do take the watering-can out to Miriam, please; I'm so busy!"

He smiled, involuntarily, with pleasure at the sound; then he sighed.

"Dear Polly!" he thought; "why couldn't a pretty face belong to that soft, sweet voice?"

Next moment a face he had never seen appeared at the house door, and a charming girl ran out with the watering-can,—a girl with rich, dark auburn hair, and candid, soft gray eyes. She had not a beautiful face, by any means. The sensitive mouth was rather large, and the expressive features were irregular; but she had the great charms of animated expression, bright complexion, and fine teeth, and hair and eyes, as well as a graceful figure.

"That's Delia?" he thought. "They are all pretty but Polly. Ah, well; I'll ask for her." And he therewith opened the gate and entered the garden.

The girl turned at the sound—there was a cry of joy—the watering-can fell from Delia's hand, and she bounded down the path to greet him. He started back in surprise.

"Oh, Hugh!" cried the soft, sweet voice he knew so well. "Don't you know me, Hugh? I'm Polly—Polly Hopkins!"

Next minute he had clasped her in his arms.

"I couldn't find Delia, so I brought out the can myself," she explained, when he told her of his mistake—"and I forgot that you couldn't know me, having never seen me before. Ah, perhaps you will not love me now—now that you can see me——"

He stopped her with a kiss.

"Dearest and best of girls! My heart thrilled just now at the mere sound of your voice, even though I believed you were quite frightful! I loved you truly while you were still 'the Ugly Duck,'—is it likely that I shall change to 'Pretty Polly Hopkins?'"

WANDERING CHILDREN.

If one could only trace the wanderings of articles which go the rounds of the press! Somebody did so once, in a solitary case, and the result was an astonishing record. In November of a recent year an article appeared in a London evening paper describing the mission sent by Warren Hastings to the Lama. It was copied in the following January by the "Pioneer" of Allahabad. Here it attracted the notice of the French Consul-General at Calcutta, who translated it in full and enclosed it in an official despatch to the French Minister for Foreign Affairs. He sent it on to the Geographical Society of Paris, and at the meeting of this society in March it was duly read by the secretary. Afterwards the article was printed as a translation from an Indian journal in the official Proceedings.

But what are the adventures of this article compared with those of "Curfew Shall Not Ring To-night," the poems made up of lines from other poems, the paragraphs about the dimensions of heaven, the number of words we use, and what not, and above all, certain jokes? Some of these things have been travelling about for years, and are likely to continue travelling until at least this generation is laid to rest.

The authors of the articles which for a long time have an irresistible attraction for the editorial shears should be proud men. Some of them are, or at least, one seems to detect a feeling of gratification in a recent confession by Mr. Joseph Knight. In a sportive mood that gentleman invented a bogus catalogue entry—"Mill on Liberty. Ditto on the Flow." In every article subsequently written on catalogues this was quoted as a glaring example of blundering, and it has probably appeared as such in nearly every periodical in the English language. At last the so-called "humorous mistake" found a place in the sober pages of "Notes and Queries," and then Mr. Knight made a clean breast of his offence.

Authors, too, are often amused at the forms in which some of their offspring come under their notice. Mr. Christie Murray may have smiled before now at the strange uses to which a passage of his—from "Rainbow Gold"—comparing life to a game of chess, has been put. Mr. James Payn, when a boy, wrote some humorous verses on a dog named "Jack." Five or six years ago he was pleased to see them quoted in an American book of poems by "dead and anonymous authors." But what does Mr. Sala say about some English newspapers which have recently reprinted his "Demetrius the Diver" and credited it to an American weekly sheet? This, to be sure, is nothing new, at the same time it is very unjust to an author.

The greatest sufferer in this respect, however, is the sole inventor of that amusing mock sermon on the subject of "Old Mother Hubbard," which everybody has read. "I myself," says the author, "heard it preached by a negro minstrel at Haverly's in New York; it has been neatly printed, with an introduction by a clergyman, and sent round to his brother preachers as an example of how not to do it; it was bought for a penny in broad sheet form in the City a year or two ago by a friend of mine; it has been read at countless penny readings and entertainments of the kind;" it has appeared in several books of facetiæ. And all this without acknowledgment. It should be known, then, that the burlesque sermon belongs to the Earl of Dysart, who in one of his novels makes a character deliver it; and the story goes that his lordship wrote it when "short of copy" and almost at his wits' end how to provide the monthly instalment of the novel.

POWER OF GEMS.—The ruby was considered good for derangement of the liver as well as for bad eyes. The sapphire and emerald were also credited with properties which rendered them capable of influencing ophthalmic disorders, and there is a superstitious belief that serpents are blinded by looking at the latter stone.

Scientific and Useful.

STREET-CORK.—To soften sheet-cork so as to make it pliable and easily shaped, steam it thoroughly, or boil it in water for an hour or so.

WOODWORK.—Woodwork strongly impregnated with tungstate of soda or silicate of soda—by treatment in strong aqueous solution of these salts—will be found to be quite uninflammable.

BAMBOO.—Bamboo sheeting is a new Chinese manufacture which is extending in the province of Winchow. The cane is split up so as to form a sheet, which, after being softened in boiling water, is pressed out flat. The sheets are used for veneering, making trays, fans, screens, and carved fretwork.

FOR FIRE.—Some novel fire escapes have been introduced out West. "They form a spiral curving about a stand-pipe five inches in diameter. This stand-pipe is so adjusted as to be readily connected with the street hydrants, and at each story can be connected with hose, thus adding another precaution against fire."

TO PRESERVE LEATHER.—To preserve leather hose, belting, etc., freely apply crude castor-oil, warmed if possible. It increases the pliability of the leather and the cling of belts, and does not become rancid. Rats avoid it. In hose it should be pumped in from the interior under considerable pressure, thus thoroughly filling the pores.

THE DIVING BELL.—The diving apparatus is one of the latest objects to which the telephone has been applied. A sheet of copper is used in place of one of the glasses in the helmet, and to this a telephone is fixed, so that the diver, when at the bottom of the sea, has only to slightly turn his head in order to report what he sees, or to receive instructions from above.

Farm and Garden.

FERTILIZERS.—In buying a given amount of food in the cheap fertilizer you pay perhaps twice as much for freight, cartage, bagging and handling as you do in buying the better brand.

PAINT.—A pot of paint, kept conveniently for painting farm implements, will save more than its cost and the labor in a short time. The gutters and tin work on the roofs of houses and barns should not be overlooked in the use of paint.

HOUSE SLOPS.—A valuable liquid manure can be prepared from the house slops and the water that clothes or persons have been washed in; no dirty water about the house ought to be wasted, but should be thrown upon the dung heap, which would retain all the fertilizing matters.

WATERING.—When and how to water the team is not well understood by all. Too much water at one time and not enough at another is cruelty. The team should be watered whenever the animals are thirsty, especially during warm weather, and they will not drink to excess.

HAWK TRAP.—A resident of Sangerville, Me., has caught 11 hawks and two owls within a few months in a novel trap of his own invention. A pole 15 or 20 feet high was placed on the ground, the top sawed off square, and a common rat-trap was placed on top of the pole. The hawks alighted upon it to watch for prey with disastrous results.

FODDER.—When a farmer finds that he cannot feed out the fodder of the farm without waste, he may conclude that he has yet something to learn, and he had better spend a day with some neighbor who understands how to make his cows eat coarse corn fodder without waste, and yet give a good flow of milk and keep in good condition.

SANDY SOILS.—On sandy soils potash nearly always gives good results, and its effects are noticeable for several successive seasons. Wood ashes are the best form in which to apply potash, as they are also composed largely of lime. If wood ashes cannot be easily obtained use the high grade sulphate of potash, which gives immediate results on all soils.

THE CHILD'S STRENGTHENER is Dr. D. Jayne's Tonic Vermifuge, which corrects all acidity of the stomach, restores digestion and imparts strength and vigor to adults and children alike. Delicate children are almost always benefitted by its use: if worms be present, it is the mildest and safest of remedies. Sold by all Druggists.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
FOUNDED, A.D. 1821

PHILADELPHIA, AUGUST 13, 1892.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.
[IN ADVANCE.]

1 Copy One Year..... $2.00
2 Copies One Year..... 3.00
4 Copies One Year, and One to getter-up of Club..... 6.00
10 Copies One Year, and One to getter-up of Club..... 10.00

Additions to Clubs can be made at any time during the year at same rate.

It is not required that all members of a Club be at the same postoffice.

Remit by Postal Order, Postal Note, Draft, Check or Registered Letter.

ADVERTISING RATES FURNISHED ON APPLICATION.

Address all letters to

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Publication office, 726 Sansom St.

To Contributors and Correspondents.

Contributors must enclose stamps for return of MSS. in case of rejection. THE POST will not be responsible for them where this condition is not complied with. Always enclose postage for correspondence, or other business matter requiring separate reply, to insure response.

☞ YOUR ATTENTION IS DIRECTED TO THE PREMIUM OFFER ON ANOTHER PAGE.

Dishonest Doubts.

It is the fashion to affect a little doubt in respect of the dogmas of religion. Few intelligent persons would like to be suspected of believing implicitly all their teachers inculcate. Even the devout disciple makes some small reservation, in order that he may not be supposed to have no will of his own or to be completely enslaved.

Such a reserve has come to be the measure and proof of wisdom, without which a man would be held to have surrendered his claim to be considered a reasonable being.

The drawback of this modern habit of thought is that, while doubt has been dignified as a token of intellect, it has commended itself to many a weak and sinister conscience as a convenient excuse for playing fast and loose with the obligations of known duty in relation to matters of faith and principle.

When a man is in doubt as to the state of his health or fortune, he takes means to remove the misgiving. Imagine a person going through life in doubt whether he was or was not entitled to a property which would relieve him from present anxieties and make his future one of calm anticipation and content. It would at once be perceived that a person so acting must be out of his senses or very sure in his own mind either that he had no title to the estate or that it did not exist.

This would be a perfectly sound conclusion; and it is one which must be drawn from the pretended state of doubt which the multitude of sensible persons profess with regard to the existence of God, heaven, and a way to spiritual happiness. They either feel themselves to be outside the pale of privilege in relation to religious comfort, or they do not believe—that is, they disbelieve—the proposition laid down by what purports to be inspiration concerning these subjects.

They are not in doubt. If they were, not a moment would be lost in taking means to resolve the cause of uncertainty. The issues raised are manifestly too grave to be left an instant in obscurity.

The genuine doubter is the most miserable of beings. A prolongation of his misgivings would end in madness. It is only the pretended doubter—the man who has no real anxiety in his mind, who is quite sure it is a perfect matter of indifference how he lives or what destiny may await him—who can go simpering through the world a fashionable doubter.

There are many forms of deception practised on self and others with regard to belief and disbelief, and an almost endless variety of dishonest doubt exists. We can notice only a few of the most prominent guises assumed by an affection which is at once contemptible and mischievous to mind and morals.

First, there is the doubt that mocks truth-seeing, a striving to retain the respect, and perhaps to excite the special interest, of those who believe in a particular system by avoiding the acknowledgement that its tenets are rejected. This specialty of moral fraud is very much in favor just now, and it prevails in quarters wherein the very existence of such a deception would be denied.

When men go about professing doubt as to a religious system with which they continue allied, when they breathe misgivings of faith itself, they are no longer doubters but deserters, and honest folk should hold them aloof.

Another dishonest doubt is that professed by persons who, desiring to gratify their passions and to walk in their own ways and to escape the charge of inconsistency, pretend to doubt. That is a very common case. This class of "doubters" is probably the largest, as it is certainly the most despicable.

The man who desires to do anything his fellows condemn affects to doubt if it be actually amiss. In this way conscience cuts the ground from under the feet of the preacher and teacher of plain truths. When conviction seems imminent, and there is no other way of avoiding an avowal of wrong or failure, the accused or self-excused conjures up a doubt, and, under cover of this diversion, conscience is withdrawn. Perhaps this device is the cause of most of the "doubt" by which the epoch is characterized.

Dishonest, in the sense of pretended or mock, doubt, whether veiling belief, cloaking disbelief, or serving the base purpose of a perpetual excuse for conscience, is one of the crying sins—in the sense of evils—of the day in which we live. Unfortunately it is fashionable.

The spirit of the age is said to be out of harmony with strong feelings and sharply-defined views on the subject of religion. A sentimental halo of light, a mincing gait, and a lisping utterance are the approved characteristics of the religious life of the epoch. Charity is esteemed the greatest of virtues, and it decently covers a multitude of sins against self, truth, and humanity.

In the early days of outspoken honesty an apostle wrote, "He that doubteth is damned if he eat." If these more enlightened times the aphorism would be paraphrased, "He that eateth without doubting is a fool." Confidence, not laughter, is held to be like the crackling of thorns under a potter's vessel. To be sure of anything is regarded as a sign of mental weakness. Scepticism is glorified, a steadfast belief derided, and fidelity and imbecility assumed to be allied.

Nothing we have said is intended to cast a slur on the honesty of the intelligent mind which hesitates before it adopts a particular code of faith and morals—respect is due to deliberation; but there are subjects which do not admit of long delay before being dealt with decisively—and religion is one of the number.

The bare possibility that a certain way of life may be the only path of safety renders it impossible to dally with truth in presence of the fact that life itself hangs on a thread, and that as the tree falls so must it lie.

The sum of our contention is that the man who goes about his daily duty and pleasure placidly, while professing to live in uncertainty whether he is in the way of eternal happiness or everlasting misery, cannot, in the nature of things be in earnest. His doubt cannot be genuine.

A truce to the nonsensical pretence of earnestness and sincerity which the cant of the day proclaims. There is barely a trace of reality in our religion, and not a vestige of honesty in the multiplicity of our doubt—that is, the doubt that dallies with truth and conviction. Let those who are in doubt stretch out their hands and make sure of the truth.

Truth-seeking is not perpetually groping in the dark. Deliberate, but doubt quickly and hasten to be sure. The lesson taught by the parable of the foolish virgins is one of urgent significance, and was never more needed than now. The man who went to the wedding-feast without a wedding-garment probably intended to furnish himself property at his convenience.

The almost-persuaded are the majority, the unhesitating and wavering make up the many in every class of society. There is happily another phase of this reflection. As there is much doubt in the world, it is well that the bulk of it is dishonest. The dishonesty may be forgiven, else the outlook were black indeed; for assuredly the doubter stands condemned.

How easy is is to be neat—to be clean! How easy it is to arrange the rooms with the most graceful propriety! How easy it is to invest our houses with the truest elegance! Elegance resides not with the upholsterer or the draper; it is not put up with the hangings and curtains; it is not in the mosaics, the carpetings, the rosewood, the mahogany, the candelabra, or the marble ornaments. It exists in the spirit presiding over the apartments of the household; where it does not so exist it may be cultivated.

IN the struggle of life the hero and the coward, the conqueror and conquered, need sympathy equally. Often the mind which upholds others needs itself to be upheld; the honest heart which seems so bold and true is fainting from secret sorrow, dying from some little wound which sympathy could stanch, the pain of which it could alleviate.

MORAL beauty comprises two distinct elements, equally but diversely beautiful,—justice and charity, respect and love of men. He who expresses in his conduct justice and charity accomplishes the most beautiful of all works. The good man is, in his way, the greatest of all artists.

KIND words produce their own image in men's souls, and a beautiful image it is. They sooth and quiet and comfort the hearer. They shame him out of his sour, morose, unkind feelings. We have not yet begun to use kind words in such abundance as they ought to be used.

CHILDREN have their reticences, even towards those they love. They are often silent on what they most feel—perhaps from confused thwarted sense that their limited vocabulary cannot tell all the emotions with which their little hearts are bursting.

WE cannot have everything in this world. If we have health, talent, and riches, we must have the peculiar temptations which accompany them. God always knows what is best for us; we what is best for ourselves—seldom.

THERE is no royal road to anything. One thing at a time, all things in succession. That which grows fast, withers rapidly; that which grows slowly, endures.

WRITE your name with kindness, love, and mercy on the hearts of the people you meet year by year, and you will not be forgotten.

MAN'S destiny is to be not dissatisfied, but forever unsatisfied.

CONFIDENTIAL CORRESPONDENTS.

H. S.—The lenses of a camera would answer for an object glass for a telescope, but not so well as lenses of a longer focus.

WINFRED.—His temporary absence ought to enable you to settle the point. Such ardent affection as you desire is generally short-lived; be wise, and do not expect too great a devotion. You are old enough to judge for yourself.

R. W.—Soft water is always preferable for the horse. It should never be given freshly drawn if you can avoid it. Hard water often roughens a horse's coat and produces griping pains. After drawing the water expose it somewhere for a short time.

GERALDINE H.—The difference between Potichomanie and Decalcomanie is this: The former is the art of ornamenting the interior of irregular forms, such as vases, urns, &c., being made of glass. The latter is the ornamenting of flat surfaces, such as staircase windows and glass doors.

C. O.—To stain wood a mahogany color boil half a pound of madder and two ounces of logwood chips in one gallon of water, and brush well over the wood while hot. When dry go over the whole with pearlash solution, using two drachms of pearlash to a quart of water.

WILLIAM.—There are many ways of making ink. The principal ingredients are galls, gums, vitriol, and rain-water. An excellent ink suitable for writing with steel pens, which it does not corrode, may be manufactured as follows: Sixty grains of caustic soda, a pint of water, and as much Indian ink as is required for producing a proper blackness.

SIR KNIGHT.—The laws of heraldry, as laws, are effete. Johnson wearing the arms of Smith could not be punished. Formerly there was a Court of Arms in London, but its laws were never very rigidly attended to. Heraldic distinction is an exotic form of pride; and when we have lived long enough, we shall look upon it like civilized tatooing, that is all.

MARION.—"Bonny Annie Laurie" was the daughter of Sir Robert Laurie, Bart., of Maxwelton, Dumfriesshire, and was born on December 16, 1682. Her mother was Jean Riddle, to whom Sir Robert was married in July, 1674. Mr. William Douglas wooed but failed to win the subject of the song we owe to him, and he consoled himself by marrying Miss Elizabeth Clerk of Clenboig, Galloway; while Annie Laurie gave her hand to a wealthier suitor, i. e., Mr. Alexander Ferguson of Craigdarroch.

PET.—"Fairy Rings," as you call them, and to which others have given the same name, were formerly by the superstitions attributed to fairy sprites, who, during the night, danced round them, and suddenly vanished on the appearance of the sun. Some scientific men have supposed that these rings are caused by lightning; but Dr. Woollaston attributes them to the growth of certain fungi, which, on becoming decomposed, afford nourishment to the grass, and give it the deep color which you have observed in the "fairy rings."

E. PALMER.—The subject is one of profound mystery, and we prefer not to discuss it. Suffice it that man is made a living soul, that he is responsible for his actions, and that deeds are more than words. It would be well if the thoughts of all men could be turned principally upon the subject of conduct and duty. In place of fruitless disquisitions on speculative topics, we stand in need of a more sober-minded and humble spirit of earnestness in the path of virtue, self-content, and right-doing. If we might offer counsel, it would be, Think less of moods and emotions, and sentimental impressions of being under special influences, and having a peculiar work to do. Take your place side by side with the common run of human creatures, and remember that it is much more important what we are than what we think ourselves to be—what we do now than what we hope may be done to or for us hereafter. True religion is an affair of common life, and incomparably more practical than philosophical. It consists in honesty to self rather than in conjectures about the future of a being we are unable to understand.

CIPHER.—Criss-Cross Row, in the hornbook alphabet, is the row which concludes with a cross—a method of making a full stop well known to the illuminators of monkish manuscripts. "Criss-cross," may be from the natural method of reduplication, or from Christ's Cross, but it is rather a reduplication, we should say, like henny-penny, kissy-kissy, rosy-posy, &c. We have not heard of a hornbook in the form of a cross, and do not think there ever was one. Mr. Halliwell Phillips, in his notes on Shakspere, refers to a hornbook purchased for twopence in 1715-16. It is, as he figures it, like a butterman's butter-slab, or pat of wood, squarish, like a book-leaf, with two or three inches of handle. On this slab were pasted, under a horn cover, the alphabet and Lord's Prayer, the vowels, diphthongs, &c. "The alphabet," says a writer in Chamber's Book of Days, "was prefaced by a cross, whence it came to be called the Christ-Cross Row, or, by corruption, the Criss-Cross Row, a term which was often used instead of the hornbook." From this we partially dissent, as seen above. The hornbook figured by Halliwell Phillips has no cross at the beginning, but at the end of the alphabet there may have been one—the paper is torn away—to preface the Lord's Prayer. Some learned Correspondent may have seen other hornbooks, and will perhaps help ourselves and modest Cipher.

ROSES.

BY W. W. LORD.

The south wind is softly singing
To the roses here by the rill,
Violets and blue-bells are blooming
By the path to the old stone mill.

The south wind is softly singing
To the roses of evening still;
The whippoorwill's notes are falling
In the shadows there on the hill.

Roses, queen roses, tender and sweet,
Shatter them, dear, if you will;
When other fair flowers are blooming,
You will sigh for these roses still.

Donald McGregor.

BY S. W. W.

WHAT you fool, Flo, another gull! You whom I have held up as the cleverest and the most sensible of all women! You're all alike, bless your little hearts, the huger the imposture the more you enjoy it; yet I did think you pegs above the mob."

And Jack Carrington throws himself back in his easy chair, clasping his hands back of his head, his eyes sparkling with delight at Mrs. Barrowdaile's look of indignation.

Jack is a man who is allowed a good deal of license in chaffing the fair sex. He is handsome as a young god, and light-hearted as a schoolboy, though he has reached his twenty-fifth year, and is on the eve of marriage.

"You can think what you like," Flo Borrowdaile answers, with a little pique in her tone. "I suppose, being a man, you are too obstinate to admit that you can be wrong, even if it were proved to you. The truth is, that men's conceit stands in the way of their learning a great deal that is; what is beyond their understanding, of course they argue cannot be; but that doesn't alter facts."

"Go it," he says saucily, "fire away; I like to look at you when excited, my dear: you look awfully well with your feathers ruffled."

She laughs, though she tries not; then continues, without noticing his last thrust:

"Cleverer men than you, Mr. Jack, believe in spiritualism. When Dick was last home on furlough, we used often to have a seance. He believes in it thoroughly."

"That only shews how completely you've turned that poor duffer's head, and got him under your thumb! Poor Borrowdaile! he wasn't a bad sort when I knew him, but I expect you've played the mischief with him, Mrs. Flo."

"Perhaps," she says, "according to your ideas. It is just possible that intercourse with a few of the other sex may have made him a trifle less pigheaded than you are. Still, Jack, as you are convinced that spiritualism is all humbug, why refuse to investigate it? Try with me now for one short hour, and judge for yourself."

"And get bamboozled by some of your wicked little manœuvres, whilst you are laughing in your sleeve. No, my dear girl, you are deep enough to trick me, and leave me not knowing whether I stand on my head or my heels. I know the naughtiness of your heart, and I'm far more afraid of you, than I am of the spirits."

"Now that is absolutely silly! How can I play tricks here, in a Richmond lodging house, where we have been but one week? Where are my accessories, my paraphernalia, accomplices, and all the rest of it? Even the furniture is new to me; could you find a more guileless-looking table than this one, innocent, as you observe, even of French polish, and minus one caster? Besides, you may choose your own table if you will; what can I say more?"

"All right, then," he says, jumping up eagerly, "I'm at your service. Let's have my little Cis here, too though; what can the child be about all this time?"

"The dressmaker has got hold of her again," replies Mrs. Borrowdaile, "but she must have nearly finished with her by now. Stay where you are, Jack, don't make off whilst I'm away, and I will fetch her."

Mrs. Borrowdaile, who is herself yet a girl, hurries off to find her younger sister, who is Jack's fiancee, and spending this last month before her marriage here at Richmond, principally that she may superintend the furnishing of the romantic little house on the banks of the river which she and Jack are so soon to inhabit.

Flo's husband is in India, and she has wiled away the tediousness of their separation, during the last year, in chaperoning Cis, and in indulging, when she can make a convert, in her favorite hobby of spirit-rapping.

Soon she returns, bringing with here Jack's "little Cis."

Flo is a pretty woman, but she is quite eclipsed by the young creature now with her. Cis is in reality nearly twenty years old, but she looks more like fifteen in face. Her figure is small and slight, and most delicately finished in every detail. She has a lovely innocent face, with large blue eyes, which still retain the wondering look so charming in childhood. Her hair is fair and fluffy, and she has a fragile look about her, as of some freshly opened flower, as if you must handle her gently or she would break.

Jack's eyes are watching the door before it opens to admit her, as the eyes of a faithful hound watch for its master, when his footsteps are heard. Jack has found mistress and master in this slight young thing, and give himself and all he reeks of to secure her happiness. He is a fit mate for her in personal appearance, as he advances to meet her. Over six feet high, and with the easy grace in his carriage not often met with in very tall men. His square shoulders and broad chest, and the symmetry of his limbs are perfect. He is fair also, though not so fair as Cis, for his face is sunburnt, but he has dancing blue eyes, and short clean-cut features, and looks a thorough young Englishman.

"Come, Cis," he says and his voice, when he addresses her, has another intonation to what it has when he speaks to Flo. "So that unconscionable woman has done with you at last! She gets far more than her rightful share."

"Stay!" says Flo, interposing herself between the lovers, "Jack, you shall not have Cis by you during this seance, or I know to my cost what the result will be. I shall sit between you. Here, Cis, my dear, seat yourself by me."

"Oh, no, indeed," exclaims the girl, "if you have brought me here for this, I shall go away again! I don't like it, as you know, Flo; I'm afraid of it all! I think and dream of your horrible bogies and spirits by night, and I never will help you with it any more. Don't do it, Jack, there's a dear boy; I believe it is awfully wicked, though Flo won't think so; don't encourage her to go on."

"Why here's another one!" replies Jack, apostrophizing the furniture, for lack of better audience. "Cis, you little goose, I'm going to give her a lesson, instead of assisting her; I'm going to expose all her machinations and leave her nowhere! Come on, Flo, begin all your hocus-pocus, I will only give you half-an-hour from first to last, so you must have your wits about you."

He sits down, and puts a chair by his side to induce Cis to take it.

But she shakes her head.

"If you are really bent upon it," she says, "I shall go away until you've done. It's silly of me, but I have the 'creeps' whenever this sort of thing goes on. Let me go, Jack, dear," coaxingly, for he has got hold of her hand, "and call me when it is over."

So he lets her go reluctantly, and is sorry that he has agreed to waste a good half-hour in such rubbish, and Cis flits out of the room, and Flo settles herself to business. She represses at once Jack's weak jokes and badinage.

"There's a time for all things," she says, rather crustily, for this is her last and hottest hobby. "If you really want to investigate the matter, you must be serious now; it will take three times as long if you keep on this nonsense."

This last argument tells; he is far more anxious to have it over and to get Cis back again, than to sit "table-turning" as he calls it; so he submits to the preliminary silent waiting and so forth, until the well-known "raps" begin to be distinctly audible.

"Do you hear?" enquires Flo, triumphantly.

"I distinctly hear your knuckles tapping, though I cannot, as yet, find out how you do it," he answers.

She removes her hands from the table, but the faint tapping is still to be heard.

"How now?" she asks, laconically.

"With your tongue and teeth, I suppose. May I ask you to keep your mouth wide open?"

She laughs against her will.

"I'll do better than that," she replies, "I will give you my word as a gentlewoman, that I have no part whatever in anything that goes on, beyond the questions I must ask, as medium; those you shall dictate to to me. Will that content you?"

"Perfectly," he answers, "if we get rhyme or reason out of this dreadful shabby bit of mahogany, I shall believe that the old gentleman himself is honoring us with his company. Hadn't you better ask this poor old party what he wants? or his knuckles will be getting sore."

"Who do you come for?" enquires Flo, with the tender inflexion in her voice one uses if addressing the dead or dying.

The table raps out according to the alphabet the letters which form the words "Dr. Carrington."

"Pretty pat with my profession," says Jack, "perhaps he'll mention where he knew me."

"Haslar Hospital," from the table.

"Well, what's he after—what does he want to say?" asks Jack, who is beginning to weary of sitting so long without Cis. "What may your name be? Come to the point, old fellow," yawning, and trying to hide that he is doing so.

On the question being repeated by the medium, very rapidly is spelt out the name.

"Donald McGregor."

There is a visible change in Carrington's face, he looks interested, but shakes his head at Flo.

"Do you know the name?" she asks.

"Yes, and so do you," he replies, laughing.

"I never heard it until this minute," she answers, looking him in the face, "unless it was in a book. Do you doubt me still, Jack?"

"No, no," he answers hastily, "I do not think that you would knowingly take me in, but you may have got that name into your head, for I've spoke of the man to Cis, and she may have mentioned him to you. Let's get on, however, and come to the gist of the matter. When did you die, old boy? Cut your communication as short as you can, to oblige me."

"September the twenty-seventh."

"Cram number one; he didn't know me till October in last year for I was only ordered to Haslar then! Once more; I shall only give him two more chances to make all the impression upon me that he can. Tell him to speak up quickly, Flo."

"September the twenty-seventh."

Jack looks at Flo and laughs, looking very victorious.

"You see how much he knows about it! For the last time, Donald McGregor, speak the truth, or else for ever hold your tongue; what was the da——"

Rapidly, before the question is out of Jack's mouth:

"September the twenty-seventh."

Carrington roars with laughter and pushes his chair away from the table.

"So much for your spiritual revelations, Flo! this party has got pressure on the brain. I've had enough of this, I think, for the present," getting up and stretching himself as he speaks.

"Well, I acknowledge," replies Flo, "that this one was rather incoherent but at any rate, Jack, you must see that there is no trickery about it; admit now, that it must proceed from spiritual agency."

"I'm not quite prepared to admit that yet, Flo; but I'll freely acknowledge that it's quite beyond me to account for it. I can't imagine spirits of the blest kicking about in the legs of tables, and if they are spirits at all, as you and your party believe, they must be unhappy ones, not to be dependet upon, and certainly not worth dealing with. The man McGregor was one of the best chaps I ever knew, and his spirit would certainly not have told all those crams concerning the date of his death, eh?"

"You remember the man well, then?"

"Yes, perfectly; the fellow took an unaccountable attachment to myself; why, I can't imagine. He was ill in hospital when I was first sent to Haslar, and died there in the spring. I've spoken of him to Cis; possibly she or I have mentioned his name before you; and through 'unconscious cerebration,' or whatever scientists call it, you have somehow helped the table to rap out that name. I mean no offence to your integrity, my dear girl; but though that explanation is a hard thing to believe, it is easier to my mind than ascribing it to spiritual agency."

"Oh, well!" she answers, getting up reluctantly. "'A man convinced against his will, remains an unbeliever still.' You have not gone far enough yet to form an opinion. I daresay after all you've forgotten when he really died. I would bet a five-pound note that when you refer to your death-book at Haslar, you will find that the date is right after all. I never knew a spirit say wrong on that matter before."

"Afraid not," he responds, with a twinkle in his eyes. "You and he imagined 'September the twenty-seventh' between you."

Here the door opens, and Cis re-enters.

"You've done at last!" she says, in a tone of relief. "I hoped you had, for I heard you laughing. I trust you've not a convert, Jack, for I hate spiritualism; when I am present I fancy I can feel the spirits blowing over my face! and I get so fanciful that I imagine all sorts of things. I could almost declare that just as I entered the room, something whispered low in my ear 'September the twenty-seventh.'"

"Low in your ear!" echoes Jack, brushing back the soft hair from her little pink ear as he leads her in. "Why, we've been bandying those few words backwards and forwards again and again. No wonder you heard them! Flo and her table have got that date on their brain, and will have it that the so-called spirit died on that day, when he was, to my knowledge, alive and kicking. No, I'm not a convert, my little girl, and think you are in the right to leave such things alone."

"Cis is highly mediumistic," says Flo. "She would be invaluable to me if she were not so timid. I believe she would make a first-rate trance medium."

"Heaven forbid," replies Jack, laughing. "Come, shall we have a turn on the river? It is cool now, and we can pull to Twickenham and home by moonlight, if you girls like it."

* * * * * *

It wants but three days to Cis's wedding day; the never-ending consultations with dressmakers and modistes, which have so often interrupted Jack's tete-a-tetes with his lady love, are over at last.

Their little house is complete, and wanting only inhabitants. The route for their wedding tour is mapped out, and there remains but one thing for Jack to provide; that little gold circlet, which Cis has more pride in than in any other of her adornments.

They are alone in the drawing-room, or "parlor" as the landlady designates it. Not even its glaring, many-colored carpet, nor the shaded vase of wax flowers which occupies the centre of that table which so provoked Jack's scepticism, can dim the romance of the situation to those two young hearts.

Incongruous surroundings, vile taste of every description, are all unnoticed by them. They are standing in the big bow window, but only looking at one another.

She, in her soft white dress, with her fair hair clustering in little rings over her temples, and casting pearly shadows on her white brow, seems to wants only a nimbus around her head to be the embodiment of a seraph.

He is looking down on the slender hand which lies on his own great brown palm.

"What a trumpery little bit of a thing it is!" he says fondly. "No wonder the jeweler fellow had no ring small enough; let us try now which of these elegant little articles will fit," taking from his pocket a bunch of brass rings such as jewelers use as guides for size.

The very smallest woman's size is right. Jack detaches it from the bunch, and places it separately in his waistcoat pocket.

"I'll be off then, and get the real thing," he says, though apparently in no hurry to take himself off. "'Tis to be a very broad one, is it? Those are my orders?"

"Yes," she answers, "I want it as broad as it can be made; so that everyone can see it. People never will believe I'm grown up; they will not believe I'm a married woman, perhaps, unless my ring is distinctly visible."

She watches him from the window as he leaves the house, thinking gratefully of her happy future; admiring his broad shoulders and manly figure, the careless grace of his walk, and the bright look he throws back at her before he turns the corner.

"I don't believe there's another man to hold a candle to him in England!" she says to herself, with shy pride. So good, so handsome, and so strong and powerful! I should never be afraid to go anywhere, or do anything with Jack; he fears nothing and nobody. How came he ever to fancy a girl like me? so timid and weak and silly as I am! Jack deserves a clever woman who is strong-minded and more equal to himself, but oh! I do thank God that he has chosen me!"

She is in too restless a state of happiness in thinking upon the change in her life, so soon to come to her, to settle to any occupation, so she seeks her sister and wiles away the time in her company.

Presently, she stations herself again at the window to watch for Jack's return.

"See, Flo!" she exclaims suddenly. "What a crowd of people there is lower down! There must be some fight or

quarrel! I see a couple of policemen amongst them."

Flo comes hastily to the window, and, as she looks, an indefinable fear that the crowd is in some way connected with themselves forces itself upon her mind.

"Don't stand there, Cis," she says. "Come away, dear, it may be an accident, I wouldn't look, if I were you."

"Let me look," replies the girl, impatiently thrusting away her sister. Her own eyes have caught a reflection of Flo's alarm, and she strains her sight in trying to pierce the crowd, which is advancing slowly towards the terrace in which they are lodging.

As the moving mass halts for a minute, a figure emerges from its centre, a gentleman, who stops and speaks to a by-standing nursemaid. She points in the direction of the house they occupy, and the man walks quickly on, enters the little piece of front garden, and ascends the steps. Cis turns white as the dress she wears.

"Who—what does he want?" she gasps, "it must be a constable! Flo, he doesn't want us, does he?" piteously.

"Stay here, Cis!" says Flo authoritatively, "it is most likely nothing to do with us. He wants some information, perhaps. I am going to him, dear."

But the girl is not to be kept back. She forces her way into the passage and hears a voice enquire of Mrs. Borrowdaile.

"There has been an accident," says the gentleman. "Mr. Carrington is hurt; he has had a fall," then, seeing the fear and distress on both their faces, he continues:

"Am I right in supposing that he is a relative of yours? Banks, the jeweler, directed us here."

"Yes, yes!" answers Flo, hurriedly, "he is, at least, staying with me," glancing significantly at Cis, who stands in the doorway, supporting herself against the lintel.

"Is he badly hurt, can he not walk?"

"He is not conscious now," replies the doctor, who partly guesses what the facts of the case may be. "He must be taken at once to his room, if you please."

Jack has no room of his own at Mrs. Borrowdaile's, for, though nominally staying with them, he sleeps at the "Rose," close by, but by Flo's orders, the men, who have by now arrived bearing his inanimate body, carry him to the first room they reach, on the landing.

There, on the bed, spread out in all its freshness, lies the bridal dress, with wreath and viel, ready to adorn little Cis. It is ruthlessly gathered up by the girl herself, and thrown on one side, and poor Jack, who had left the house in all the strength of his manhood but an hour back, is laid there in its stead.

Cis is calm and tearless as she watches the bearers place their heavy burden down, gazes on those closed eyes, so full of love when last she met them, and sees, with an agony past expression, the helpless body, which falls across the bed limp and powerless, till they straighten the young limbs, and place a pillow beneath his shapely head.

There were no sign of pain on his features; no mark of a wound save, hidden from sight under the clustering hair, a deep indented blow on the right temple.

The women believed him stunned. Cis kneels by his side, moistening his lips with brandy which some one has brought, and putting Eau de Cologne upon his brow.

He looks as calm as if he were asleep, excepting that his right arm is pressed against his heart, and his hand is tightly closed over a small white parcel. It is the little box containing the wedding ring of Cis.

The doctor touches Flo on the shoulder, and draws her on one side.

"Sister?" he asks, in a low tone, glancing at the kneeling girl.

"Engaged wife," she replies, softly but Cis is too absorbed to heed them. "Is it a bad injury?"

He forms with his lips the word, "Dead!" and adds:

"Get her away, she must be told it as soon as possible."

They do so presently on pretence of a surgical examination, then the doctor tells Mrs. Borrowdaile in reply to her questions:

"He tripped on the step of the jeweler's shop as he was coming out—God only knows how—caught his foot in the mat perhaps, anyhow he fell with great force on the pavement, and struck his temple against the iron lamp-post. I could do nothing for him, poor fellow, he was dead before I got there! I wish I could be of any service to you; can I telegraph to friends or so forth?"

She grasps his hand, as that of an old friend; this fearful half-hour has made this stranger no longer one.

"Can you not stay a little longer?" she asks piteously, "at any rate until I have told her?"

"I would if I could," he answers. "but it is out of my power. I have an engagement which I am afraid is already overdue," drawing out his note-book, and running his forefinger down its pages.

"'Consultation at Mrs. John Murray's half-past twelve,'" he reads, "it is actually that now," he says, rising as points to the entry.

Flo mechanically glances at the book, and as her eyes rest on the lines he points to, she reads the date, which till now she had not remembered.

It is "September the twenty-seventh."

Donald McGregor had after all done what he could to warn Jack Carrington against this fateful day.

A Way Out of it.

BY H. T. J.

PRIVATE MOONEY, you're drunk!"

"Not a bit of it, sargint!"

"I say you're a drunken blackguard!"

"No more a blaygyard than yoursilf, sargint—savin' yer sthripes!"

"You're a liar, Mooney!"

Smack! Thud!

"Guard, turn out! Arrest that man!"

The sergeant has sprung to his feet. Denny Mooney is seized by two files of his own comrades, deprived of his belt and side arm, and clapped under handcuffs in the tent that on the march serves for guard room.

Then he faces the situation, and it is so gloomy that he who never has been known to quail at the sight of steel or smoke groans as he thinks of it.

Court martial, degradation, the stripes almost within his grasp gone for ever, and the cat!

For his offence has happened in time of war—on the march across the Soudan desert, and the Articles of War are definite. Denny is done for. All his hopes are blighted; the goodwill of his comrades, the esteem of his officers, who have marked his "real grit"—these cannot save him from, these themselves will not survive, the disgrace of the triangle and the lash—will not heal the scars the cruel thongs will make, not only on his back, but on his heart.

And so he sits brooding, brooding, while nothing save the tramp, tramp, receding, advancing, and again receding of the comrade on his sentry-go without the tent and the distant howl of a stray jackal break the stillness of the hot night. The brigade has halted, and, outside, round the camp fires the boys of the Onoty-Oneth are growling and swearing over Denny's bad luck and its inevitable consequences.

How hot the desert night wind blows into the tent! How does it come in such a body? What is that gleaming in the darkness? By Heaven, a star! One of the guy ropes of the tent has given way, and the canvas is flapping wide open in the night breeze that blows hot as a panther's breath. If Denny could only detach these bracelets! He twists and wrenches and jerks at them till the iron bites in his flesh and his wrists are raw and bleeding. Snap! a flaw in the metal; one of them has gone. Concentrating all his muscular force, he has wrenched one hand free; the whole and the broken ring hang round the other wrist.

Stealthily he creeps through the aperture in the tent. In the darkness the watch fires glimmer, scintillating on the bayonets of the sentries. Like a snake Denny writhes and crawls on the sand till at last he is clear of the lines; then, springing to his feet, he runs like a deer, and only halts when breathless; and there he stands, in seeming illimitable desert, alone with the stars.

Whither shall he pursue his journey? His purpose is vague; the only fixed point in it to escape the drumhead court martial, the terrible triangle, and lash. He has some undefined notion of reaching the banks of the Nile, which he knows flows some twenty miles to the right—of being taken abroad some trading vessel. The rest is blank.

So he tramps on and on over the yielding sand. A deserter!—he who till yesterday was the smartest private in the ranks of the Onoty-Oneth. How altered is all the map of his life by the events of one blinded minute! Curse the sergeant for calling him a liar!

What is that? A cloud resting on the horizon, and drifting nearer, nearer.

Denny falls prone and peers through the darkness across the ocean of sand towards what seems a distant ship upon it.

Troops! and natives, and moving in the direction of the encampment! A gray streak of dawn glimmers in the east, and Denny can see the pennons on their lances; also little points against the rising light no bigger than pins, but which he sees are spears.

By skirting to the left he can escape them. But then the brigade! They may be surprised. Then he remembers he is an Irishman, a comrade of the men who are sleeping, unconscious of the advancing enemy; that he is a part, if an infinitesimal one, of the great system; a link, if a small one, of the chain that stretches over the earth—a soldier in the British Army. He will go back to the court martial, to the lash, may be to the firing party. He will go back and raise the alarm.

To the right-about he turns. Trotting, walking, running; dead beat, but pressing on and on. The troops behind have halted—for the rest before the rush. "Stand! Who goes?"

"Deserter."

"Deserter, advance," and Denny, covered by the sentry's Martini-Henry, marches right up to the door of his own colonel's tent.

In a moment bugles are pealing; the brigade is in line. Denny, having told his story, asks his colonel, "Shall I go back to arrest, colonel?"

The colonel pauses a moment; then replies, "Not yet. Fall in with your company." And Denny is a soldier again. His heart beats high; perhaps a bullet or a spear may cheat the court martial yet.

And now the enemy's line is visible against the roseate sky line. It is going to be a surprise party after all—only the surprise will be on the other side. They have the advantage of numbers, but our gatlings will diminish that long before we get to close quarters. Not until the Soudanese were within rifle range did the brigade give any sign. Then suddenly the seeming sleeping host sprang into life, death-dealing life; a solid human line is thrown out across the plain from the right wing of which the Nordenfeldts belch out destruction. The Soudanese waver; then a banner is seen fluttering in their front. It has been blessed by the Mahdi; he who bears it will lead them either to victory or through death to Paradise.

On they came like a human torrent—to be met by a human rock, a solid British square; and as the waves from the rocks they recede, panting, exhausted, leaving their dead in their wake. So far there has been no crash of steel, only the rattle of musketry. Now the brigadier-general gives the order to open out; there is a merry clink along our line, and the bayonets flash in the now risen sun. The order to advance is given, the bugle peals out the "Charge!" then, with a wild cheer, our line, let loose, dashes on the panic-stricken foe.

The Onoty-Oneth are in the middle of it, and Private Mooney, not being by any means a tall man, is in the middle of the Onoty-Oneth. By his side is the sergeant for striking whom he was arrested.

"It's hot work, Denny," said the sergeant as for a moment he stands panting for breath.

"Allah il Allah!" A white-robed figure, furious as though possessed of demons, hurls itself upon him.

Clink! the spear is met by the bayonet—Denny's bayonet, which in a moment is under the spear, in another under the ribs beneath the flowing robes.

"Denny, boy, I'm sorry I called you a blackguard."

Private Mooney makes no answer; he is too busy for conversation. The blacks have made a stand, and are rallying round their sacred banner. Around it there is already a rampart of the dead and dying. The Onoty-Oneth have sworn to have that flag. Through the belt of brave men defending it with their lives one company of the regiment is working its way through timber. Foremost in its line is a man with smoke-blacked face, streaked here and there with blood; at every thrust of his sword bayonet a native falls; at last he grapples the banner and wrests it from the hands of its dying bearer. A cheer rises from the brigade. The Soudanese, disorganized, broken, collapsed, turn and fly, save such of them as cannot escape the doctor death behind them.

Then the pursuers return to their base. The brigade is paraded; the colonel of the Onoty-Oneth attends the brigadier-general as he rides along their line.

"It's a terrible thing to have to put such a brave man under arrest," say the general "but what can we do else?"

"There's no way out of it," says the colonel. "Insubordination, striking a superior officer, then desertion? We're bound hand and foot. He ought to get his stripes and the V. C., but we must satisfy the Articles of War."

Private Mooney is ordered twenty-five paces to the front. A murmur of pity and admiration travels along the line as he advances.

"Halt! Present! 'Shun! Private Mooney, I would to God I could spare you. You're a gallant soldier. You've saved us from a surprise; may be we owe this victory to you. You have fought like a hero. But," the old warrior bites the lip under his white moustache, "there is no way out of it. Duty is the soldier's all in all, whether he be a private or a commanding officer."

He gives the order for Denny's re-arrest; the sergeant, with tears in his eyes, orders two files to advance to the front to make it.

There is a way out of it, after all. As they march up to Private Dennis Mooney, he sinks back into their arms. Opening his tunic they see where the life blood is gushing fast away from a spear wound in his side.

There is a smile on his lips, though they are paling, as he murmurs—

"There's a way out of it, after all. The best way in the world, boys!"

And the general echoes, "The best way in the world!"

The smoke of the volley that is his comrade's last farewell has scarcely died away in the breathless air when the order to advance is given, and the brigade moves forward, leaving Private Dennis Mooney there in the desert, in a soldier's grave.

Daisy's Answer.

BY PERCY VERE.

I SUPPOSE I must give you up sometime, my child," said Martin Vanstone, "and if you can find it in your heart to choose Fred Graham I shall be very much pleased. He is so genial, and his character is above reproach."

Daisy's face flushed slightly as she replied:

"I will never choose a husband, papa, until I know that the man is worthy."

"You are right, Daisy, and I trust you will choose wisely;" and Martin Vanstone left her alone in the drawing-room.

"I wish I know my own heart. Fred seems to be all I desire in a husband, and yet——"

She paused, as she rose, and walked slowly to a window. She stood within the folds of the lace curtains, looking absently down into the street.

"Harry Clifford is my ideal of a true man, but——"

Again she paused, and a flush stole over her face.

Before it faded away a little girl came slowly in view, carrying a basket on her arm.

She was scantily clothed, and her bare toes protruded from her well-worn shoes.

Her face wore a pinched, hungry look that went straight to Daisy's heart.

Touching a bell she bade the footman take the child into the dining-room, and give her a good meal.

He was accustomed to her eccentric freaks and obeyed.

After the child had finished, Daisy entered the room carrying a large bundle.

"Well, little one, I have brought something for you, and if you can carry it home you will find some clothing in it. What is your name?"

"Dot Green, miss."

"Are your father and mother living?"

"My mother is alive, but my father is dead."

"I suppose your mother is very poor?"

"Yes, miss. She does laundry work, but Mr. Graham he's so mean he won't pay, and he made me take shirts back to have 'em done over, an' Jemmy's ill, an' mother's tired almost to death," and a sigh escaped the child's lips.

Daisy's face flushed as she caught the name, and her heart throbbed wildly.

"Can I look at the shirts, Dot?"

"Yes, miss, I beau't ashamed of 'em. My mother's a good ironer."

Daisy took them out one by one, and examined them carefully.

"They are beautifully done. I can see no fault in them."

"Nobody ever finds fault 'cept Mr. Graham, an' he never pays till he owes for lot an' lots, an' he's so cross I hate to go near him."

Daisy walked to and fro across the room, plunged in thought. At length she paused beside Dot, and said—

"Dot, when you return with those shirts, carry them first before you deliver them, and say nothing about it to anyone."

"Yes, 'm, I'll do it."

The next day Dot returned with her basket.

"My mother didn't do the shirts over again, 'cause she said she couldn't make 'em look any better."

"Never mind, Dot. Wait here a few moments, there is a lady here who desires to go with you."

A short time after a young Irish girl, in a shabby dress and coarse, red shawl, entered the room. Her face was very red and freckled, and she wore large blue glasses.

"The top o' the mornin' to ye, me girl," she said to the child. "An' what is yer name?"

"Dot," said the child, scanning her florid face.

"Well, Dot, my name's Biddy, and I am going wid ye to the house, an' if that gentleman trates ye and I'll give him a piece of my mind. Come along, me lass."

Dot followed her reluctantly.

They reached their destination, and were soon admitted into Fred Graham's room.

"So you have returned, have you?" I suppose the shirts are all right this time."

"Look and see," said Dot.

The shirts had never been moved from the basket after Daisy had arranged them the morning previous.

"Two of them are much improved, but the other two look much worse than they did before. Take them back, and tell her to iron them better."

"Please, sir, and would you be kind enough to send me mother the money that's comin' to her?"

"Not one farthing until you do my work satisfactorily. It's an outrage to ask money for work like that. Away with you!"

"I'll go, an' do just pay what yer own' the child. It is her just due, an' would keep the wolf from the door," said Biddy, putting her hands akimbo.

He looked at her from head to foot, and a sneer overspread his face.

"Never meddle with other people's business. I will not pay one penny."

"Sure, an' it's jokin' ye are! You, a gintleman, would niver ground the face iv the poor, niver! Yer too honest manin' for the likes iv that. Just pay the child now."

His face became pale with anger, and pointing to the door, he said:

"Go!"

They turned without another word and left the room, but curses filling on the air.

As they passed down the street they met Harry Clifford.

"Hallo, Dot! What's the matter, child?" he asked, in a kind tone.

"I can't get the money that's comin' to mother and I 'spose we will have to leave 'cause the landlord's awful 'feared about the rent."

"There, there don't cry like that, child. How much is it?"

"Two pounds just what Mr. Graham owes."

"Is it possible he is so careless in these matters! Well, there's the money. Your mother can credit me with it. Run away home, or you'll be punished with this child."

Away they sped, and after they turned a corner Biddy paused, and bid Dot good bye, telling her she should hear from her again.

Two weeks passed, and one evening Fred Graham, the pet of society, proposed formally for the hand and heart of Daisy Vanstone.

"I cannot give you my answer now. Wait awhile, and when I am ready to do so I will let you know. Until that time arrives you must not come here again."

"Your will is my law, Daisy, but the most cruel part of the stipulation is debarring me from your presence. You were always eccentric, and I am willing to humor you."

One week later, Daisy received an offer of marriage from Harry.

"Call to-morrow evening and you shall have your answer."

His manly face flushed.

"Surely you are not trifling, Miss Daisy?"

She looked up in his honest eyes, and in her fair face he read love's language plainly written there.

"Can you not trust me, Harry?"

It was the first time she had ever addressed him thus, and a flush of joy mounted to his brow.

"Yes! to the death, my darling!"

He seized her hand and pressed it to his lips.

"Come to-morrow evening at eight o'clock and you shall have your answer."

He was punctual to the moment.

Daisy received him kindly, and after some commonplace remarks she laid her hand on his shoulder, and said smilingly:

"I am going to treat you to a scene in real life this evening. It is time for the play to commence, and if you will seat yourself in that recess and remain a hidden spectator, you will oblige me very much."

He could only bow and assent, and was soon screened from view. In a few minutes Fred was announced. He came in fault-lessly attired, his face wreathed in smiles.

Daisy received him cordially, and, after a few moments' conversation, he said:

"I received your note, and am here to receive your answer. Is it life or death, my darling?"

"You shall have my answer directly; but there is a duty and a trial which we both must first. You can surely wait a little longer."

A troubled, anxious look came over his face.

"A lady and child! I—I—do not understand!"

"I will send them in, and afterwards I will give you my final reply."

Finding himself alone he arose and began to pace the floor nervously.

Ten minutes later the door slowly opened and Biddy, with Dot, came timidly into the room. His face became ashen for an instant; but presently the blood rushed in a torrent to his brow.

"Please, sir, and would you pay what you owe me mother? Me brother Seth is ill, an' me mother needs the money surely."

She stood before him clothed in rags, her bare toes protruding from her worn shoes.

The tableau was a striking one, as the richly attired pet of society passed before the child of poverty and the florid-faced Irish girl, was wrapped in a long shabby cloak.

He drew his purse from his pocket and passed it to Dot outstretched hand.

"There, take that—it is more than I owe, but it is all right. Run along home now, that's a good girl, as fast as you can," he said, in a low tone.

She turned and left the room, and Biddy readily seated herself.

"Will you excuse me by leaving the room? I have an engagement with a lady."

"An' aren't I a lady? Wouldn't I answer just as well? Sure an' the very best blood in auld Ireland flows in me veins."

He scanned her face keenly, while he grew pale with apprehension.

"In heaven's name who are you?"

She took a handkerchief from her pocket, and after removing her glasses passed it over her face. Soon there removed the head, the red wig, and the cloak, and Daisy stood before him in her elegant evening attire.

"Miss Vanstone, this is cruel later! I did not deem you capable of it."

"I do not consider the means, Mr. Graham. A man who will refuse to pay his honest debts, and thus cause a poor woman and her helpless children to suffer, can never be my husband. You have your answer. Good evening!"

She turned and walked slowly toward the alcoves, and the next [illegible] Mr. Graham beat an ungraceful retreat.

Harry Clifford stepped from his hiding place, his face radiant, and clasping Daisy to his manly heart, he said—

"May I not claim you now, my darling? Your little play was perfect. I pity Fred, but I trust he will profit by his sad experience. You are quite an actress. But you must give me my answer now, what is it? If it is yes, give me the kiss my heart has longed for so long."

She raised her face, suffused with blushes, and their lips met in the first ripe kiss of love. That was Daisy's answer.

Two Births, One Sound.—Doctor Clemenceau, the eminent Parisian physician, is also a member of the French Legislature, and divides his attention between the political maladies of his country and the physical ailments of his patients. He is a busy and busy man, keenly cognizant of the fact that "time is money," and the other day, while he was in attendance at his Montmartre consulting room, two men simultaneously solicited an interview with him. One of them, admitted to his presence, and asked what was the matter with him, complained of a pain in his chest; whereupon he was ordered to take off his shirt; and Doctor Clemenceau subjected him to a careful examination. But, before the doctor sat down to write his prescription, he rang the bell and ordered his servant to show the other patient in. As the latter entered the doorway, Doctor Clemenceau, without looking up from the desk at which he was writing, said to him, "Just undress yourself too, if you will be so good. We shall save time by your doing so." By the time the doctor had finished writing his receipt, taken his fee, and dismissed the preceding patient, the second, stripped to the waist, was ready for inspection. Turning towards him, the doctor observed, "You are also suffering from pain in the chest, are you not?" "Well, no, doctor," the man replied; "I have called to beg you will recommend me to the Government for a place in the post-office." Tableau!

ECCENTRIC PEOPLE.

Amateur eccentrics have been numerous, but few of them have been given to odd caprices that will outvie those of Sir John Dinely, a veritable English Don Quixote. He meant to select a wife who would be perfection in person, style, and manners. He advertised in vain for the paragon. Then he set out in search, and was always changing his residence, so as to examine the lists of possible candidates in various parts of the country. At Stirling he bought a house and made it a marvel to all observers. The roof was flat, so as to allow of the laying out of a house-top garden. Here was a pond naturally tenanted by fish. This strange sight was on a frequented thoroughfare, and Sir John Dinely used to stroll up and down in his elevated pleasure ground and keep his best eye on the street for the long delayed appearance of the woman who might suit him in marriage. The upshot of his vagaries was disappointment, want, and at last a pensioner's place as one of the "Poor Knights of Windsor." His ordinary costume was singular. He wore a hat and a wig, fixed upon his head by an immense cotton handkerchief that under his chin; high timber sandals on his feet, a velvet vest, satin breeches, and silk stockings, with a scarlet cloak as overall.

At Welbeck, in Nottinghamshire, is a subterranean palace, including a library and church. The whole is excavated from limestone rock. It has a tunnel roadway carried under the park. It was a whim of a late Duke of Portland, an eccentric nobleman with a craze against himself and for burrowing underground like the moles.

Arthur Onslow, one of the most famous speakers of the House of Commons, had the caprice to spend his free evenings in the incognito of a plain "Mr. Nobody." He would take a seat in the great chimney corner of an old fashioned country public house, and just and chat with all comers. His identity was discovered by accident at his usual quarters, and as soon as that was known the room he visited the house no more.

Amongst monarchs, perhaps the Emperor Paul, of Russia, has made a permanent record for his strange whims, to which the power lodged in the irresponsible despot often gave an awkward reality for his subjects. He would issue a regulation on the head dress of his people. Only round hats were to be worn. Should passengers who were ignorant were stopped by Russian police, who either cut down the hats of offending shape then and there, or destroyed them, and thus compelled a new purchase. The soldiers were grievously tried in temper and in discipline by Czar Paul's eccentricity. He would have the entire garrison of the capital turned out in the middle of the night, as if an invader were at hand. Reviews, with all their irksome and fatiguing detail, he would demand exactly as the humor seized him, and commonly without notice. If officer or man was absent he was cruelly punished.

A fanciful freak which was neither intrinsically ridiculous nor inimical to the peace and comfort of others was that of George, late Earl of Aberdeen, who was lost at sea in January, 1870, at the premature age of twenty-eight years. This young nobleman relinquished the pleasures of a great estate and brilliant prospects, and served his apprenticeship as a common seaman in the American mercantile service, calling himself George Osborne. He gained successively his mate's and master's certificate, and stuck firmly to this strange profession for a poor. He could not be induced to leave it, and he ultimately became the prey of the waters that he loved to rove.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

At a recent fancy ball in Washington an ingenious young woman went as the Meteorological Bureau. On her head she wore a silver helmet, crested with a weather-vane. Her waist drapery was outlined with a close-fitting blue bodice, ornamented with white stars and bordered by rows of real silver dollars. This bodice was worn in front over a thermometer, in which the lady kept the mercury moving up and down in an excited manner. To further carry out the vagaries of our climate she wore a heavy bear skin cape from Montana, while her frilled skirts were of the lightest China silk.

The land speculation scheme which was associated with the railroad project, seems to have come to grief, and the land boom near Jaffa and Jerusalem, started a year or two ago, has collapsed. There is much fertile land near Jaffa and on the plains of Sharon, and the Jaffa oranges are in great demand, like our Florida Indian river oranges, but so many discouragements are thrown over all industrial enterprises by the Turkish Government that while Palestine continues under the control of that dog in the manger Power there is not much prospect of any great amount of business development in that country.

An Albany, N. Y., despatch says: In July, 1888, the bunco artist, John Price, now serving a 10-year sentence at Dannemora, slipped up behind P. S. Dedrick just as he left his carriage on the front of the Farmers and Mechanics' Bank and extracted from the seat a package containing $8,000 in negotiable bonds. A few days ago the bonds were received by ex-District Attorney Hugh Reilly. The package was intact, and the accumulated interest makes them worth about $9,000. There is no clue to whence they came, except that they were sent from New York city. The mystery lies in the fact that they were returned at all, as they were negotiable.

In the neighborhood of Burley the other day a gentleman, looking over a wall, saw a cock hen in the field. Presently a rat ran up, startled at the defunct fowl with much satisfaction, and went away in some haste. The onlooker, who is a student of natural history, knew what that meant, and removed the hen from the spot. In a minute or two the rat came back with half a dozen friends with the evident intention of removing the carcass for future use. Arrived at the spot where the fowl had laid, the rat raised a loud squeak of astonishment at its absence. In a trice the other rats fell upon him so savagely that they left him dead on the field, as a warning not to play practical jokes with his friends.

In one respect at least Quito, the capital of Ecuador, is the most important in the world. It is situated in both the northern and the southern hemispheres, a distinction claimed by no other place of importance on the globe. At Quito the sun rises and sets at six o'clock the year round. You may forget to wind your watch while you are visiting the Lumberman capital, but you need not hurry up a regulator set at noon then or soon and you will be sure to be right. Old Sol makes no mistakes. In one part of the city the summer season does battle with old winter, who is just across the street. The seasons, as far as names are concerned, change at most unfairly but, as the temperature is remarkably even, these curious points are seldom thought of by the 40,000 people who make Quito their home.

"The prettiest shot I ever saw was made by a woman," said T. B. Lane, of Oshkosh, Wis., an enthusiastic sportsman. "I was surveying in Coles county, Ill., in 1858, and stopped for dinner at the cabin of a settler named Junken. We sat in the shade by the cabin door while Mrs. Junken prepared dinner. A little tow-headed tot less than a year was creeping about the big yard. Suddenly we heard the sharp whirr of a rattlesnake. Fully 60 yards away a big fellow was coiled, ready to strike, while within a yard of it, and creeping directly toward it, as it charmed, was the child. To cry out would cause the rattler to strike. To reach the child in time to save it was impossible. The snake's head shot forward, and at the same instant a sharp report rang out from the cabin door and his snakeship was rolling headless in the grass. We found Mrs. Junken lying in a dead faint across the still smoking rifle. She caught the rattler's head at 60 yards on the fly."

Our Young Folks.

BUMPETY-THUMPETY.

BY H. R.

"MY DEAR!" cried Mrs. Elephant, as she was tying her cap-strings previous to retiring to rest. But Mr. Elephant was asleep already, and did not answer.

"My dear!" shouted Mrs. Elephant, louder than before. But there was no answer, save a loud snore.

"My dear!" screamed Mrs. Elephant, vigorously shaking Mr. Elephant's prostrate form.

"Well, what is it?" asked Mr. Elephant in a sleepy voice.

"Have you forgotten that to-morrow is darling little Bumpety-Thumpety's second birthday.

"Oh, indeed!" responded Father Elephant, as sleepily before. "Well, he shall have a stick of peppermint for a treat to-morrow, but let us go to sleep now, for I am quite tired out."

"You lazy unnatural father!" exclaimed Mrs. Elephant, getting into a temper and twisting her night-cap strings into an awkward knot in consequence. "Wake up, do! Why, here is the darling little Bumpety-Thumpety going to have a birthday, and you care no more about it than a hippopotamus cares for pictures!"

"Well, well!" groaned Father Elephant; "did not I say that the little dear should have a stick of peppermint? What more do you want?"

"A stick of peppermint, indeed!" exclaimed Mother Elephant in a contemptuous tone. "One would think that he was a common person's child—a young rhinoceros, or what not—instead of one of the aristocracy. No; Mr. Elephant, I mean to have a grand affair, and you must just send the long-legged hare the first thing in the morning to summon all the animals to a great gathering for Sports and Pastimes in honor of our beloved child, Bumpety-Thumpety."

"Very well," answered Father Elephant, "so be it; only let us go to sleep now. We can arrange about the sports and pastimes to-morrow."

* * * * * *

So the next morning, before the dew was off the grass, the long-legged hare went the round of all the animals, and invited them to meet directly after breakfast in Mr. and Mrs. Elephant's grounds to discuss the plan of the sports and pastimes.

Bumpety-Thumpety was in high glee to think what a grand birthday he was going to have. He was a very frisky young elephant; and as he was a fine child for his age, I should certainly not have cared to get my toes in the way as he went gaily dancing about his mamma's garden while he waited for the other animals to arrive.

They came in due time, and then the arrangements began. Oh, such a discussion and hub-bub as there was! If the animals in Noah's Ark had quarreled as much as these animals, it would have been a terrible thing for Noah and his family! Everybody wanted his own way. You see, it began on this wise:

Father Elephant declared that he couldn't possibly afford to give more than one prize. Business had been bad of late, he said; and if they wanted to run races and the like, they must run them for love. He would give one prize cup, and that was all. Well, the monkeys declared that the prize ought to be for climbing, and the kangaroos declared that it ought to be for leaping, and the moles that it ought to be for burrowing, and the whale that it ought to be for swimming and diving—and so things did not seem to make any progress at all. At last Mr. Fox climbed on to a barrel, and made the following speech:

"Ladies and Gentlemen,—As you are well aware, I am a perfectly disinterested party. I am no swimmer, I cannot climb, nor am I any match for Cousin Kangaroo in leaping, nor for dear old Daddy Mole in burrowing. But oh, my dearly beloved friends, I cannot bear to see you quarrel" (here the fox took out his pocket-handkerchief and wiped his eyes); "so I very humbly suggest that, rather than break up the harmony that should always unite us as fellow animals, we had better give the prize cup for the race in which none of us has a natural advantage over another: I mean for that noble sport in which all are equal—the Sack Race."

The animals were all silent for several minutes after this speech. Most of them were very much affected. The crocodile, in particular, wept copiously.

The hyæna, in fact, was the only person present who was not moved to tears. He laughed, and they all turned him out. "The hyæna always was a vulgar fellow," they said.

Well, it was finally arranged as Mr. Fox had proposed.

They were to have all kinds of races for love of it, and were to end up with a sack race, the winner in which was to have the prize cup. The sports were to begin at three; so all the animals hurried home to make themselves spruce for the grand occasion. Mr. and Mrs. Elephant in particular, being host and hostess, took special pains with their ablutions, and Mrs. Elephant squirted water over the darling Bumpety-Thumpety till not a speck of dust remained.

* * * * * *

At three o'clock precisely Mr. and Mrs. Elephant, with their beloved child Bumpety-Thumpety, took up their positions near the winning-post to watch the races. The last-named was much excited and would gladly have taken part in all the races himself. But his mamma would not allow this, for fear of his getting hurt.

"Let the common animals run the races, my dear," she said; "it is our business to look on and to applaud."

So Bumpety-Thumpety had to content himself with waving his trunk, and stamping a good deal with his clumsy little feet by way of expressing his approval.

There were all kinds of sports: running, leaping, climbing, swimming, vaulting, and what not. But the most exciting was the bicycle race. The giraffe and the kangaroo, being long-legged animals, were on high machines, and it was a neck-to-neck race between them. The zebra was well up with them till the end, when, unfortunately, he came against a stump and went head-over-heels. But the monkey proved the winner, after all, for he came rushing along at the finish on a "safety," and steered so well with his clever little hands, that he beat the long-legged animals altogether.

And where was Mr. Fox all this time? Why, the sly fellow was saving himself up for the prize. When they asked him to take part in the races—

"No, my dear comrades," said he, "I will not deprive you of the glory. I love to look on and see how well you are all acquitting yourselves. It gives me far more pleasure, I can assure you, than winning any number of races myself."

The animals all thought this was exceedingly generous.

"How noble!" exclaimed the lion; "now I cannot help taking part in a trial of strength when I am challenged!"

"Yes," remarked the stag, "how truly touching! For my part, you have but to cry 'Off!' and my heels go of themselves. I could not sit still like our friend the fox."

And in the same way all the animals declared that the fox was the very paragon of beasts. Only the hyæna, when he overheard what the fox said, could not help laughing. But the rest of the animals cried "Shame!" and declared that the hyæna always was an ill-bred creature.

* * * * * *

So at last, the other races being all over, the time came for the sack race to be run. Then all on a sudden the fox jumped up and said that, after all, he did not like to end the day without taking some share in the sports.

"I will run just this one race," said he, "to show honor to our hosts the elephants, and to their sweet child Bumpety-Thumpety. Just this one race will I run for the sake of fellowship, my dearly beloved comrades."

And all the animals remarked what a good heart that showed.

So Mr. Elephant provided the guests with sacks, and they all got inside, and Mrs. Elephant tied them round the necks. They brought a sack for Mr. Fox too, but Mr. Fox said he preferred his own sack' and had brought it with him.

The prize cup was placed upon a stand, within sight of all the runners; and the owl consented to act as judge, and was perched in the judge's box; and the runners were all placed in line ready for the start. The animals were all tired with the previous races, excepting Mr. Fox, and he was as fresh as a May morning; which certainly was hardly fair.

But the other animals were all so good, and kind-hearted, and unsuspicious, that they never remarked the unfairness, and were all quite content that Mr. Fox should do his best to win the prize.

Another thing which the animals did not remark, and which was still more unfair of Mr. Fox—nay, downright cheating I call it—was this: the sack which Mr. Fox had brought with him had two neat little holes in the bottom, one for each foot; and as soon as ever the race began, what should the sly fellow do but thrust a leg through each hole, and of course he could run as well as if he had no sack at all. There was the bear blundering along, and the lion tumbling over the leopard; there was a pelican panting, with his beak wide open, and the camel, and the seal, and the ostrich, and the wild boar all floundering about in the troublesome sacks, but the sly fox hopped along, with his feet quite free, and, of course, he came in first and won the prize.

Well, that was the end of the races, and, of course, the fox received the prize, and went home covered with glory to his hole in the old castle wall.

But a little bird was perched in an oak hard by while the race was being run, and he turned his head this way, and he turned his head that way, and he spied Master Fox's feet thrust through the holes in the sack; and that little bird went and told all the animals next day what he had seen, and the animals asked Mr. Fox what he had to say for himself, and he could say just nothing at all.

So the animals all decided they would have nothing more to do with Mr. Fox, for he was not a respectable beast. And the hyæna just did laugh!

BORN HOSIER.—During the Civil War, Miss N—, a high-spirited Virginian young lady, whose father, a Confederate soldier, had been taken prisoner by the Union forces, was desirous of obtaining a pass which would enable her to visit him. Mr. Francis P. Blair agreed to secure an audience with President Lincoln, but warned his young and rather impulsive friend to be prudent, and not betray her sympathy for the South.

They were ushered into the presence of Mr. Lincoln, and the object for which they had come was stated. The tall, grave man bent down to the little maiden, and, looking searchingly into her face, said—

"You are a loyal, of course?"

Her bright eyes flashed. She hesitated a moment, and then, with a face eloquent with emotion and honest as his own, she replied, "Yes, loyal to the heart's core—to Virginia!"

Mr. Lincoln kept his intent gaze upon her for a moment longer, and went to his desk, wrote a line or two, and handed her the paper. With a bow the interview terminated.

When they had left the room, Mr. Blair began to upbraid his young friend for her impetuosity. "Now you have done it!" he said. "Didn't I warn you to be very careful? You have only yourself to blame."

Miss N.— made no reply, but opened the paper. It contained these words—

"Pass Miss N—. She is an honest girl and can be trusted.—A. LINCOLN."

SELF-CONTROL.—The habit of self-control is but the accumulation of continued acts of self-denial for a worthy object; it is but the repeated authority of the reason over the impulses, of the judgement over the inclinations, of the sense of duty over the desires. He who has acquired this habit, who can govern himself intelligently, without painful effort, and without any fear of revolt from his appetites and passions, has within him the source of all real power and of all true happiness. The force and energy which he has put forth day by day and hour by hour is not exhausted, nor even diminished; on the contrary, it has increased by use, and has become stronger and keener by exercise; and, although it has already completed its work in the past, it is still his true and powerful weapon for future conflicts in higher regions.

RED AND BLACK ANTS.—We presume editors of newspapers have more inquiries for some remedy for the expulsion of ants than for almost anything else. A New York paper has a correspondent who solves the problem as follows: "Having had years of torment with ants, both red and black, we lighted upon the following remedy, which with us has worked like magic: One spoonful tartar emetic, one spoonful of sugar, mixed into a thin syrup. As it evaporates or is carried off, add ingredients as needed. A sicker lot of pests would be hard to find. Whether they impart the results to the home firm or whether all are killed, I know not. Certain it is they do not pay us a second visit. For ants on the lawn, a spoonful of Paris green, cut with alcohol and made into syrup with sugar and water, can be placed on pieces of glass or crockery—cover from domestic pets—and the slaughter will be satisfactory.

THE WORLD'S HAPPENINGS.

Europe uses 60,000,000 matches daily.

Paris makes 20,000,000 toothpicks a year.

The world uses three and a half million steel pens a day.

Traveling 50 miles an hour, a locomotive gives out 32,800 puffs.

Five hundred and eighty-seven different languages are spoken in Europe.

Only one and a half per cent. of the population of India can read and write.

The people of the United States consume, it is said, 200,000,000 bottles of pickles annually.

Cork, if sunk 200 feet deep in the ocean, will not rise, on account of the pressure of the water.

In Europe at this time some twenty-seven million men are ready to take the field in a fortnight.

A street-car line is now being built in Tashkend, the capital of Russian Turkestan, by a French company.

It is estimated that at the coming Presidential election more than 11,500,000 men will have the right to vote.

Sewell county, Kan., has an ox which measures 14 feet in length, 6½ feet high, and, when fat, weighs 4,500 pounds.

Richmond, Ind., has an organization known as the "1837 Society," composed entirely of persons born in 1837.

Four pounds of gold were recently collected, it is claimed, from the soot of the chimney of the Royal Mint, in Berlin.

The original portrait of Pocahontas, painted in 1613, now owned by a Londoner, will be exhibited at the World's Fair.

Telephones in service in the United States number nearly 512,000, and the total length of line is over a quarter of a million miles.

A very extensive industry in Russia consists of the manufacture of wooden spoons, which are made to the number of 20,000,000 annually.

A sugar fifteen times sweeter than cane sugar and twenty times sweeter than beet sugar, has been extracted from cotton seed meal by a chemist.

Ten thousand of the threads spun by ordinary full-grown spiders, when taken together, do not equal in substance the size of a single human hair.

Bees are said to have such an antipathy to dark colored objects that black chickens have been stung to death, while white ones of the same brood were untouched.

Ostriches have about the smallest brains of any living creature of their size, as can easily be seen by noticing the small head, which is very flat and depressed above the eyes.

An excellent substitute for coal is now being made in Sweden. It is composed of wood charcoal and coal tar. A paste of these substances is made, which is run through a press.

In territorial area the United States ranks third, Great Britain controls 8,537,000 square miles of territory; Russia, 8,352,000; and the United States, counting Alaska, 3,500,000.

The farmers in Barton county, Kansas, have so much trouble in getting harvest hands that they gather at the railway stations and go through the trains seeking laborers.

In Burmah it is the woman who does the wooing. Not only does she select her own husband, but when she tires of him she procures a divorce for the asking of it and marries anew.

Prohibition in Maine does not apply to the frogs. A large batrachian family got jolly drunk the other day in a pond into which the sheriff had emptied some barrels of confiscated whisky.

In Vienna they have a single word for an occurrence very common with them in winter—the bursting of a water pipe. This is the word: "Hochquellenwasserleitungsrohrenfutalitaten."

Burglar-proof glass has been invented by a Dresden manufacturer. It is made by pouring molten glass over a network of steel wire. It is especially adapted for skylights and jeweler's windows.

There are three places known where green snow is found. One of these places is near Mount Hecla, Iceland; another 14 miles east of the mouth of the Obi, and the third near Quito, South America.

Cyclones originate in the tropics, and are chiefly found in five localities—the West Indies, Bengal Bay and the Chinese coast, north of the equator, and in the South Indian Ocean off Madagascar and the South Pacific, near Samoa.

Paper quilts are said to be coming into extensive use abroad for the poorer classes. They are composed of sheets of white paper sewn together and perforated all over at a distance of an inch or two apart. This is then covered with chints or cretonne on one side and lined with patchwork. They are said to make surprisingly warm covers.

THE WINGS OF THE WIND.

BY FRONCES HILL.

Dear idle summer winds that softly blow
Across the lea,
I love a maid, and fain would have her know
Sweet thoughts of me.

Go, murmur through the pine-trees, soft and low,
In mournful tone,
Until she sighs—then whisper: "Thus in woe
He walks alone."

Go, shake the heather blooms, and make them ring
Each rosy bell
Until she laughs—then whisper: "They but sing,
'He loves thee well.'"

Go, waft the sound, if marriage church-bell rings
A glad refrain,
Then—if she speaks—oh, bear it on your wings
To me again!

ABOUT THE MOON.

No form of idolatry is older than the adoration of the heavenly bodies. The primitive fathers of the human race early held that the sun and the moon were deities, and in every age and in every land they were the first visible objects of worship.

It is even certain that nations usually credited with pure monotheism participated in the universal practice of adoring the host of heaven. In archaic times the moon was mostly regarded as a male god.

"Primitive man," says a well-known writer, "saw the moon as a most conspicuous object, whose spots, at periods, had the semblance of a man's face, whose waxing and waning increased their wonder, whose coming and going among the still and solemn nights added to the mystery, until, from being viewed as a man, it was feared, especially when apparently angry, in a mist or an eclipse, and so reverenced and worshipped as the heaven-man—the monthly god."

We learn from Max Miller that "moon" is a very old word, and in Anglo-Saxon, where it was used as a masculine and not a feminine, was mona. In all the Teutonic languages the sun was feminine, and it is only through the influence of classical models that in English moon has been changed into a feminine, and sun into a masculine.

The same practice prevailed in ancient Egypt. "Another reason," says Sir Gardner Wilkinson, "that the moon in the Egyptian mythology could not be related to Bubastis is, that it was a male and not a female deity, personified in the god Thoth. This was also the case in some religions of the West. The Romans recognized the god Lunus, and the Germans, like the Arabs, to this day consider the moon masculine, and not feminine, as were the Selene and Luna of the Greeks and Romans."

In Slavonic, as in Teutonic mythology, the moon is male. "Thou askest me of what family I am," says the fair maiden of a song preserved in the Tambof Government—

"My mother is—the beauteous Sun,
And my father—the bright Moon."

Dr. Goldziher refers to the occasional luniolatry of the Jews. "Queen or Princess of Heaven," he writes, "is a very frequent name for the moon. Even in the latest times the Hebrews called the moon "the Queen of Heaven," and paid her divine honors in this character at the time of the captivity. What was the antiquity of this lunar worship among the Hebrews is testified (as has long been known) by the part played by Mount Sinai in the history of the Hebrew religion. The mountain must in ancient times have been consecrated to the moon."

The peculiar symbol of Ashtaroth and the other lunar deities appears to have been a heifer, or a figure with a heifer's head and horns resembling the crescent moon.

The Saracens called the moon Cabar the Great, and the crescent still surmounts the Turkish mosques, and is emblazoned on the green standard of the prophet.

Schlegel mentions a story that Mahomet "wished to pass with his disciples as a person transfigured in a supernatural light, and that the credulity of his followers saw the moon, or the moon's light, descend upon him, pierce his garments and replenish him. That veneration for the moon which still forms a national or rather religious characteristic of the Mahometans may, perhaps, have its foundation in the elder superstition or pagan idolatry of the Arabs."

The Moslem still claps his hands at the sight of the new moon, and mutters a prayer, although the Koran appears to forbid the practice in the words, "Bend not in adoration to sun or moon."

Herodotus accuses the ancient Persians of being moon worshippers, and, though they denied the practice, the following passage from the Zend Avesta would seem to be conclusive, "We sacrifice to the new moon, the holy and master of holiness; we sacrifice to the full moon, the holy and master of holiness."

In Conral India both sun and moon are worshipped by many tribes, such as the Korkus, Khonds, Tungeses, and Buractes. The Khonds adore the powers of nature, as the gods of the bison, tiger, hill, and cholera, but all these deities occupy a far inferior position to the heavenly bodies. In the Deccan some of the aboriginal tribes also acknowledge the sun and moon by an act of reverence.

In China the practice of luniolatry exists at the present day, and is of very early origin. The chief festival, that of Yue-Ping, or moon-cakes, is held during the eighth month of the Chinese year. Persons make cakes of various sizes in the shape of the moon, and paint different figures upon them. Friends and relatives pay visits to one another, give entertainments, and present their cakes, after making protestations and pouring out oblations to the moon.

It is very remarkable that a verse of one of the Jewish prophets should be explained by this Chinese custom. "The children gather wood," said the seer, "and the fathers kindle the fire, and the women knead their dough to make cakes to the Queen of Heaven."

Grains of Gold.

He that is angry is seldom at ease.

Politeness is the outward garment of good will.

To have faith means to have a bank account in heaven.

People who do wrong are always people who love wrong.

He may well be contented who needs neither borrow nor flatter.

A little weed has no more right to be in the garden than a big one.

The devil is satisfied when he gets a man where he can't respect himself.

People who are given to laying up grudges seldom accumulate much else.

Did you ever know anybody to succeed in anything without making an effort to do it?

The man who sits down on the road to success and waits for a free ride is sure to be left.

To scatter praise or blame without regard to justice is to destroy the distinction of good and evil.

It is so much easier for us to think we are growing in grace than it is for our neighbors to think so.

If money could be borrowed as easily as trouble, this world would be full of round-shouldered people.

Can you think of any question that concerns you more than where you are going to spend eternity?

They who are over-anxious to know how the world values them will seldom be set down at their own price.

Don't be continually going to somebody else's pump for water. Have a well of your own, and keep it flowing.

Femininities.

A tax was imposed on bachelors and widowers in 1695, but it was repealed in 1706.

A girl doesn't find last year's bathing suit too old to wear, providing it has shrunk.

The lady and the horsewhip form one of the most striking combinations of the times.

A man will sometimes fight for his dog where he wouldn't turn his hand over for his wife.

The woman who marries a man to reform him undertakes a job that will ruin her complexion.

What is the difference between an angry lover and a jilted maid? One is a cross-beau and the other a cut-lass.

She was so inconsolable for the loss of her husband that when she played the piano she touched only the black keys.

A recent estimate places the number of postmistresses in the United States at 6535. This State heads the list with 625.

"Did she thank you for the seat?" "No; but after she had settled down in it she smiled sweetly, and begged me not to rise."

"You are a jewel," said the gushing young man to his girl; "and I'm going to have you set." And then he quietly took her in his lap.

Now that paper mills are able to turn out a sheet seven miles long there is no reason why lovely woman should cross and recross her lines.

Wife, after the theatre: "How lovely the moon is to-night, John!" Husband, it was a five-act play: "Yesh, m'dear (hic), both of 'em beautiful."

Mrs. John Purrier, of Knox county, Ind., who died recently, was believed to be the largest person in that neighborhood. She weighed 98 pounds.

A slight layer of sand in the saucers under plants prevents them from drying quickly. Plants will be found to thrive better and require less attention in watering.

A woman near Sharpstown, Md., picked 125 quarts of strawberries, four buckets of peas and cooked three meals one day a few weeks ago, besides doing all the housework.

"Your late husband, madam—" began her lawyer. "Yes, I know he was always late of nights, but now that he is dead, don't let us upbraid him," said his charitable widow.

A pretty feature of a late wedding party at a country seat on the Hudson river was the dancing of a Virginia reel on the lawn by the bride and groom, bridesmaids and ushers.

"No, Mr. Gilgal," she said kindly, "I am sure I could never learn to love you." "Oh, maybe you could," rejoined Gilgal cheerfully; "never too old to learn, you know."

Young lady, very proud of her artistic abilities: I daresay you have heard that I paint, Mr. Silly? Mr. Silly, who thinks she is referring to her brilliant complexion: Ya-as, but I don't believe it.

In Germany 5,500,000 women earn their living by industrial pursuits; in England 4,000,000, in France 3,750,000, in Austria-Hungary about the same, and in America, including all occupations, over 2,700,000.

The obligation of children to support parents under the Mahomedan law of India is absolute, and Mahomed was stern in enjoining respect to mothers—e. g., when he says "Paradise is under the feet of the mother."

In Australia there are caterpillars from six inches to a foot long, and when a young lady has one of them drop on her back hair she says something in a seven octave voice with a calliope attachment rung on to it.

Flowers, especially political flowers, are embroidered all round the borders of the fashionable handkerchiefs carried by French ladies, whose political tendencies are thus revealed by the bit of muslin they carry thrust through their belts.

"Robert, what did you do with the letter I left on my desk a little while ago?" "I took it to the post." "What! Did you not see that it had no address?" "Yes, sir; but I thought you didn't want me to know for whom it was intended."

If an ostrich feather is held upright, it is at once seen to be perfectly even and equal on both sides, the stem dividing it exactly in the centre; whereas the stems of other feathers are all more or less on one side. Perhaps this is the reason why the ancient Egyptians chose the ostrich feather as the emblem of truth.

The latest fad necessary to the happiness of esthetic creatures is to use the beautiful arum lily instead of a glass for tea. The pistil is removed, and so a nice little cup is formed. What a pity it seems that such refined mortals cannot manage to exist upon roses and lilies altogether, and to save themselves the pain of coming to table where cups and platters are a necessary evil. It must be quite too utterly trying to them to have to daily witness the use of glass and china!

Masculinities.

A wicked man is his own grave digger.

He who is in love with himself has no rival.

He that always complains is never pitied.

Only one man in 203 is over six feet in height.

A horse's strength is equal to that of five men.

No man can be truly brave who is not seeking to be truly good.

It is the man who loafs the most who wants the biggest wages.

The man who does wrong suffers, but those who love him suffer more.

Beware of the man who always dips his tongue in oil before he speaks.

A man who will get into hot water must expect to get scalded sometimes.

The big head is one of the hardest things in this world to cure men of completely.

A man never knows what he can do until he tries, and then he is often sorry that he found out.

It is the man who has to live on corn bread at home who finds the most fault with the pie when he travels.

Putting your hand into a man's pocket by sharp practices in trade is no better than putting poison in his bread.

When you see a counterfeit coin on the sidewalk, always pick it up. You are liable to arrest if you try to pass it.

When boots and shoes have become hardened by water and it is desired to render them pliable, wash them with kerosene.

It isn't until a man gets to be reasonably rich that other people come to him and tell him how he can make a lot of money.

A Kansas newspaper man wrote a communication to a rival editor, calling him an ass, and then signed it: Yours fraternally.

Boys have been ruined because they had to stay at home and turn the grindstone when they should have been allowed to go a fishing.

Bella: "You should have seen the crowds of men calling in the box I was in last night." Stella, with great sweetness: "Who occupied the box with you?"

Nobody knows for himself how many pennies there are in a dollar, except the man who has counted them one at a time from the savings of a necessary frugality.

Let your light shine in your own home, and don't be afraid it will become too bright. Don't be turning it down all the time, as some people do with their gas.

Edison firmly believes a perfect flying machine will some day be invented, and he also believes the wing of a fly is the model upon which that machine will be constructed.

An Ishpeming, Mich., clergyman, who lost $800 by leaving it on a railroad train, has an added chill every time he thinks of the finder spending a 50-cent piece minted in 1829. It is worth $75.

Colonel Powell, of the United States Army, is authority for the statement that among the Cheyennes a man is never permitted to speak to his mother-in-law except through the intermediation of a third person.

Lord Tennyson is a great reader of novels, and so absorbed does he become in such literature at night sometimes that it is hard to persuade him to go to bed. Like many less distinguished people who indulge in this practice, he rises late.

Miss Lena Maiden, 13 years old, of Whitehead, Ind., graduated from the school at Oldenburg, Ky., recently. She was awarded first premium for piano and vocal music, scientific studies, industry and needlework, as well as first honors on the harp.

The Exposition authorities have appropriated $175,000 for the purpose of providing orchestra music for the World's Fair. They also set apart $12,500 for the entertainment of distinguished composers and orchestra leaders who have been invited.

Tony Weller advised everybody to "beware of vidders." "Widows, beware!" would apparently be more suitable advice in Baltimore just now, where a widow is defendant in two suits brought by married women for the alienation of their husbands' affections.

There is no more doubt that drinking ice-water arrests digestion than there is that a refrigerator would arrest perspiration. It drives from the stomach its natural heat, suspends the flow of gastric juice, and shocks and weakens the delicate organs with which it comes in contact.

Mr. Spurgeon (it is not too late to tell anecdotes of a man whose fame will be so lasting) was so fond of making jokes in the pulpit that he used to say he would rather keep his congregation awake by telling them humorous stories than put them to sleep by more doctrinal but less interesting preaching.

A Lock of Hair.

BY E. V. S.

SOME women have a mania for rummaging. Mrs. Marbrooke had this mania. On a certain day last September she was able to gratify it in an unusual degree, and quite an unexpected manner.

Mr. Marbrooke had asked her to sort his writing-desk, to put in alphabetical order the various letters and papers contained in the several pigeon-holes, and to tidy up all the compartments generally.

This was something that pretty little Mrs. Marbrooke had longed to do every time she had looked on the masculine confusion pervading that desk; and any woman will easily understand her delight, when the keys to do it were placed in her hands. She kissed her husband good-bye as he hurried away to his office; and then conscientiously attended to all her own domestic duties, and it was with a mind quite free to devote itself to the affair in hand that she at length seated herself before Mr. Marbrooke's desk, fitted the key into the lock, and let down what she called "its front door."

"And if ever any place needed tidying up, this is it," thought Mrs. Marbrooke, as she drew bundles of papers and letters and dust from every compartment.

But she possessed the very genius of order, and in an incredibly short time she had dusted and sorted and tied in neat bundles all the papers, and had labelled the separate packets of letters according to the writer's name.

At last she came to what seemed a secret drawer, for it was hidden in the back of the desk, and opened a small panel by pressing a little knob, upon which her hand had come quite accidentally.

"What have we here?" exclaimed Mrs. Marbrooke, with a merry laugh. "What mighty secret has my dear husband concealed here?"

And out fell a folded paper that had once been white, but was now almost yellow from age.

Mrs. Marbrooke hurriedly opened it and then her face blanched, and her eyes glared as if a coiled rattlesnake had been unfolded to her gaze.

But it was only a lock of most lovely glistening yellow hair that dropped from the paper, on which was traced, in faded ink, these words,—

"The only woman I have ever loved—my own darling M——."

The name was not written; a hurried, sprawling dash finished the inscription, as if the writer had been hurriedly interrupted, and had never found time to complete the word.

But what more was needed? Mrs. Marbrooke instantly recognized her husband's well-known and peculiar handwriting, and—oh, misery!—she also recognized that he had loved another woman; and did not his own words declare this unknown, mysterious being to have been the "only woman he had ever loved?"

The world seemed to have come to an end; the beauty of the bright day was clouded; the sun no longer shone; a horrible ringing sounded in her ears, and seemed to drone out the one maddening refrain,—

"He loves you not—he loves not; he never loved you!"

Mrs. Marbrooke was suddenly and frightfully jealous, and so great was the gnawing, burning pain at her heart that she really thought she was dying.

She turned sick and faint, and rising she groped her to the window, and raising the sash she leaned outward and felt that she was stifling. But the cool, fresh air revived her, and then came the natural reaction.

"Why did he marry me, he loving another woman?" she exclaimed, indignantly. "What was his object? I had neither money nor position to attract him. Was it merely for pity? It must have been. He saw that I loved him, and he knew I was miserable in his brother's house trying to govern those great, rough boys. Ah, now I understand the sneers and veiled contempt of his friends when they wondered 'how I came to marry a man old enough to be his father,' and how he, 'a man so sedate and set in his ways could have married a child like me;' not that I am a child at all, for I shall be eighteen next birthday, and he is only a little over forty. Ah, me! I didn't mind being called 'an old man's darling' when I believed that I really was so; but now—oh, how shall I bear it? To know that he never loved me at all, and only married me from pity—for charity—oh, oh! It is too hard! I could better have borne to toil for my daily bread in some lonely garret!" and she burst into a passion of tears. "And I will, too! Yes, I can earn a living—a miserable, wretched living; but at least it will be my own."

And hastily wiping the tears from her eyes, Mrs. Marbrooke dashed off these lines on the first scrap of paper that came to hand,—

"I know all. You were very cruel to marry me, when your heart was for ever given to some other woman. I don't know what her name was, but this is her lovely golden hair, and here are your own words, calling her the only woman you ever loved; and oh, her hair is so lovely, and mine is only brown! But you shall never, never see it again (I mean my hair, not hers), for you shall never see me again, and I will be for ever hidden where my poor little baby face will give your grand friends no more occasion for sneers and sarcasm."

The lock of yellow hair and the slip of paper which had held it were thrust into the envelope together with this hastily-scrawled message, and Mrs. Marbrooke's name was written in a very tremulous and illegible way across the back.

That done, Mrs. Marbrooke flew upstairs to pack a little trunk that had belonged to her in the days when she was a nursery governess, selecting only what was left of the simple little gowns which she had in those bygone days brought with her own hard earned money.

Meantime, Mr. Marbrooke had unexpectedly come home several hours earlier than usual, and had run upstairs three steps at a time, quite expecting to find his "little girl" still at work over his writing-desk; but instead, he found her letter, which he opened and read in a stupor of amazement, only quite taking in its meaning when he had read it over two or three times.

Then he raised the lock of hair to his lips, reverently kissed it, and folding it again in its original wrapper, restored it to its place behind the sliding panel.

That done, he gave a tug at the bell-pull, which brought the parlor-maid quicker than she had ever moved before.

"Where is your mistress?" asked Mr. Marbrooke, sharply.

"Please, sir, she's upstairs in her own room. And, oh, Mr. Marbrooke, sir, she's crying awful, an' I was sent to order a cab, immediate. It will be here in a few minutes——"

"Pay the man and send him away again."

And Mr. Marbrooke dropped some silver into the girl's hand, and rushing past her, bounded upstairs, and in less than a minute held his sobbing little wife clasped in his arms.

"And you were really going to run away from me, my precious little girl?" he asked, as he kissed away the tears from the flushed face and swollen eyelids.

Mrs. Marbrooke struggled and tried to wrest herself from the strong and loving grasp, and then quite suddenly, ceased struggling and dropped her head on her husband's shoulder.

"Oh, let me go—let me go!" she sobbed. "You know I can't stay, knowing what I do——"

"Perhaps when you know a little more you will change your mind," said Mr. Marbrooke, with a smile.

"No, no, Frederick—never! You said she was the only woman you ever loved."

And the "little girl's" mouth began to quiver pitifully.

"But I hadn't met you then, sweetheart."

"And she must have been so beautiful!" continued Mrs. Marbrooke, indignantly. "With that hair she couldn't have helped it."

"She was—very beautiful," Mr. Marbrooke said, sadly.

"Was! Is she, then, dead?" asked Mrs. Marbrooke, with a half-defined feeling that death made a great difference in everything.

"She is dead—twenty years ago," Mr. Marbrooke answered, gently; and a moisture softened his fine eyes. "But my love for her lives for ever, even as she lives for ever in my heart. Don't start or draw away from me, my pet, for—she was my darling mother!"

"Your mother!" exclaimed Mrs. Marbrooke; and there was indescribable relief in her voice. "Your mother! Oh, Frederick, can you ever forgive me?"

He forgave her!

PETS ON WOODEN LEGS.—About thirty years ago a humane gentleman named Tewksbury took pity on a small dog of uncertain breed, one of whose forelegs had being crushed by the wheel of a wagon. Being something of a surgeon, Mr. Tewksbury carefully amputated the crushed leg, and, when the wound was healed, provided the dog with a light and strong wooden leg.

In the course of time the dog, which was a very intelligent little animal, became aware that he could rest his weight upon this wooden leg, and use it for all ordinary purposes, and that, while not as good as either of the other three legs, it was better than one leg.

In walking or trotting, Mr. Tewksbury's dog always used his wooden leg. If, however, he had occasion to do any leaping or fast running, or to show in any way especial nimbleness, with which the stiffness of his artificial limb would have interfered, he held up the wooden leg gracefully, and leaped or ran on the other three.

The dog lived to a good old age, respected and admired by all who knew him. His grateful affection for mankind in general, and for Mr. Tewksbury in particular, was the most marked feature of his character.

As his fame never spread abroad, it is quite certain that his case did not suggest the similar kindness towards a cat on the part of a gentleman named McGrath.

In the case of Mr. McGrath's cat, however, the providing of the wooden leg was not to repair an accident, but to supply a natural deficiency. The cat, it is said, was born with only three legs. Instead of drowning it forthwith, as some men would have done, Mr. McGrath carefully nourished the three-legged kitten, and when it was weaned he made and skilfully applied a light but durable wooden leg where the fourth leg was missing.

Little by little the wooden limb adjusted itself to the cat's parts, the cat, in its turn, becoming accustomed to the leg; and it is said that the animal uses its artificial leg with the same ease and dexterity with which it uses the other three. It is also asserted—and this is the most remarkable part of the story, almost too remarkable to be believed—that when this cat catches a mouse, it does not tear it with its claws and teeth, as other cats do, but strikes it a sharp blow with its wooden leg, killing its prey on the spot.

A MAGNIFICENT PREMIUM TO SUBSCRIBERS!

"THE RUSSIAN WEDDING FEAST."

CONSTANTINE MAKOVSKY stands at the head of art in Russia, and his great painting "The Wedding Feast," was awarded the highest prize at the International Exposition 1883, and is one of the celebrated pictures of the century. The artist has selected for his subject the bride's first appearance in society. The husband and wife are represented standing at the head of the table, and the guests and friends are merrily welcoming the young couple to the feast. The cups are raised to drink her health and happiness when the bridegroom shall have taken his first kiss. With drooping eyes and face covered with blushes, the bride, conscious that every eye rests upon her, is a picture of innocence and loveliness. Her guardian is by her side, filled with love and admiration as she unveils the bride. All the assembly manifest the utmost pleasure and interest in the event.

This is a picture which will appeal especially to those who prefer the portrayal of domestic joys rather than the splendor of war or the suffering of religious faith. It is a glimpse of real life into which the poetry of love enters deeply.

The Picture we offer, size of which is 21x28 inches, printed on the thickest canvas paper, is an exact fac-simile of the original, in magnificence of coloring as well as in all other respects. "The Russian Wedding Feast" was exhibited in Antwerp in 1884, and soon after purchased for $40,000, and brought to this country.

THIS PICTURE IN BEAUTIFUL COLORS HAS THE APPEARANCE OF AN OIL PAINTING, AND IS THE HANDSOMEST EVER GIVEN AS A PREMIUM, AND WE OFFER IT FREE OF CHARGE TO EVERY OLD AND NEW SUBSCRIBER WHO SENDS US $2.00 FOR ONE YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION IN ADVANCE.

ADDRESS—

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

726 Sansom St., Philadelphia, Pa.

HOW FAR A CHILD TRAVELS.—Many a healthy man if he has to walk a mile or two complains of the exertion and fatigue; but few of us realize the distance covered by a healthy child. A gentleman recently made some curious experiments as to the distance covered by a child. An instrument fixed to the ankle of an eighteen-month-old baby showed that in the course of a day it had taken 6,483 steps, which, allowing six inches to a step, makes something like two-thirds of a mile for the toddler's ramblings. He next put a pedometer on his nine-year-old boy, which revealed the fact that the little urchin daily traveled an average of no fewer than ten miles.

YOUTHFUL COMPROMISE.—A clergyman who had been staying for some time at the house of a friend, on going away called to him little Tommy, the four-year-old son of his host, and asked him what he should give him for a present.

Tommy, who had a great respect for the "cloth," thought it was his duty to suggest something of a religious nature, so he answered hesitatingly—

"I—I think I should like a Testament, but I know I would like a popgun."

PRETTY GIRLS

are getting plenty, and it is fashionable to be HEALTHY and STRONG. BE SURE TO BUY FERRIS'

GOOD SENSE CORSET WAISTS.

THOUSANDS NOW IN USE.

Best for Health, Economy and Beauty.

BUTTONS at front instead of CLASPS.

Clasp Buckle at hip for Hose Supporters.

Tape-fastened Buttons—won't pull off.

Cord-Edge Button Holes—won't wear out.

FIT ALL AGES—Made in

FAST BLACK, drab and white.

Mailed FREE on receipt of price, by

FERRIS BROS., Manufacturers,

341 Broadway, New York.

For Sale by ALL LEADING RETAILERS.

Recent Book Issues.

"Kate Kennedy," a charming word-picture of English rural life and London society, by Mrs. C. J. Newby, is the latest addition to "Petersons' New Twenty-five Cent Series" of choice fiction.

FRESH PERIODICALS.

"Meehan's Monthly" will be found of much value by those interested in gardening and flowers in general. Published at Germantown.

"The Eclectic Magazine of Foreign Literature" for August contains the cream of the leading foreign magazines and periodicals, on all the foremost topics of the day. Published at New York.

"Wide Awake" for August is the vacation number of that magazine, and in its well-filled pages of story, poem and picture, younger readers will find a feast as enjoyable as seasonable. Published at Boston, Mass.

"Lippincotts' Magazine" for August is out, and besides the complete novel, "The Martlet Seal," contains a number of highly interesting articles, illustrated and unillustrated, by leading writers. Published at Philadelphia.

"The Century Illustrated Monthly Magazine" for August is the mid-summer holiday number, and special pains seem to have been taken to make it particularly attractive, both in subject matter and illustrations. Published at New York.

"The Popular Science Monthly" for August contains a number of articles on social, industrial and more strictly scientific matters, that the reader desiring to stand fully abreast of the day's doings, will find it indispensable to have read. Appleton & Co., New York.

"The American Magazine of History" for August contains a number of most interesting and valuable articles, connected with important but comparatively little known events and persons, prominent in the early development of the nation. Published at New York.

"The Cosmopolitan" for August in its matter and pictures excels its predecessors if that were possible. This magazine makes a specialty of photographic illustrations of persons and places that give a degree of realism to its articles, which greatly expands its interest and value. Published at New York.

"St. Nicholas" for August is the vacation number of the year, and a good one it is. Every page is brimming with something in the way of tale, adventure, picture or other matter of interest, that is certain to lend an additional spice to the summer enjoyment of every boy or girl who reads it. The Century Co., New York.

TABLE TURNING IN CHINA.—As things go by contraries in China, we find the phenomenon of table turning reversed; in other words, Chinese tables, instead of turning on their legs, whirl around on their heads, with their legs pointing to the ceiling. The directions usually given are to place a couple of chopsticks at right angles across a mortar or bowl filled with water, and upon these the table is turned upside down.

Four children are then called in and to each is assigned a leg, on which one hand is gently laid, which the other seizes the free hand of a companion. The medium then reads an incantation, and soon the table begins to heave with emotion, and at last revolves, carrying the lads along with increasing velocity, until the table is whirled off its axis.

The Chinese are said to implicitly believe that table turning is the work of devils or spirits, yet it is never performed save for the sport it yields, nor do they even attempt to hold communication with the spirit world by this means.

THE strength of spider silk is incredible. Size for size is considerably tougher than a bar of steel. An ordinary spider's thread is capable of bearing a weight of three grains, while a steel thread of the same thickness would support less than two.

Beware of Ointments for Catarrh that contain Mercury,

as mercury will surely destroy the sense of smell and completely derange the whole system when entering it through the mucous surfaces. Such articles should never be used except on prescriptions from reputable physicians, as the damage they will do is ten fold to the good you can possibly derive from them. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O., contains no mercury, and is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. In buying Hall's Catarrh Cure be sure you get the genuine. It is taken internally, and made in Toledo, Ohio, by F. J. Cheney & Co. Testimonials free.

Sold by Druggists, price 75c. per bottle.

TORTURE OF OTHER DAYS.—In the ancient city of Nuremberg stands a gray old castle built by Henry IV. of Germany in the eleventh century. At its gate rises a frowning stone tower, erected by some savage race forgotten long before Henry's day. It still bears the name of the Heidenthurm.

In this "heathen's tower" the good people of Nuremberg, with a grim significance, have gathered the instruments of torture which their ancestors, who called themselves Christians, used upon each other. (There is a similar collection at the Hague, in Holland.)

There is a ghastly humor in some of them: the huge topless and bottomless barrel, for instance, in which the drunkard was cased; or the great nippers which were hung to the tongue of a scolding woman.

There are machines for removing the skin of the victim; for taking out his eyes; for crushing his thumbs, his tongue, his whole body; for stretching all his muscles, each machine being contrived so as to inflict unspeakable tortures without causing death.

The janitress at the "heathen's tower" is a rosy-faced, smiling girl. She opened a dark closet, projecting over the rushing Pegnitz River. "Here," she said to the writer, "is the Eiserne Jungfrau—the Iron Maiden." It is an iron shell shaped like a human being, standing erect. It opens. The prisoner enters. Then sharp steel points spring out on the inside; the two halves close on him, and hug him slowly—slowly.

"Ach!" she said, with a shiver. "When they hear no more cry from within, they open this trap-door below the Jungfrau's feet. Nobody sees what falls into the river underneath. Then the maiden is ready for her next victim."

In a dark room of the old prison at the Hague, a hollow in the oak floor shows where the prisoner condemned to the torture of the water-drop was fastened so that he could not move a muscle. Upon his head a single drop of water fell at intervals of a minute from a pipe in the ceiling above.

"It needed three days to kill a man so," said the guide, an old man, with a pitying shake of the head. "Whom did they torture in this way?" he added. "Not political enemies so often as men who differed from them in opinion, especially in religious opinion. But these things belong to old times. We are all good Christians now."

THE PAPER CAP OF TRADITION.—When will the artists of the comic papers leave off drawing the English workman with a square paper cap? It has been out of use this 20 years, and when it was in use was not of general wear. Carpenters and men who worked at trades where there was plenty of dust flying about wore it for the practical purpose of keeping the dust out of their hair, but nobody in London wears it now. But because the paper cap was worn when Punch began to put the working man into cartoons, the St. Stephen's Review, and Judy, and Fun, and Stoper, and all the small fry of illustrated comic journals adopt the square paper cap as a badge of the workman whenever they want to draw him. It is utterly ridiculous. For middle-aged men the round hat, for younger men the cheap Eton cap, is worn in the workshops now.

INDUSTRY.—If proficiency encourages industry, so also does industry produce proficiency. They act and react upon each other. The execution of any work is of itself a part of our education; it qualifies us for the next thing in hand; while doing nothing incapacitates us for any sort of exertion in the future. All our faculties will rust if not used, and will become sharper by each exertion. But the exertion must be made intelligently; we must know where to plant our forces, and how to manage them; we must accustom ourselves to use the best methods, and to do all we undertake in the best way. Then success and industry will go hand in hand, and the pain of useless labor will be entirely replaced by the pleasure of conscious power.

A Chance to Make Money.

After reading of preserving fruit by the California Cold Process, I got samples, and cleared over $50 last week, selling directions. People will pay a dollar for directions gladly when they taste the fruit, which, not being heated or sealed, looks beautiful and tastes perfectly fresh. I think this a grand chance to make a hundred or two dollars round home; I have a friend that has made from ten to twelve dollars a day for the past three months, selling directions. The Cold Process being so much better, cheaper and healthier than canned fruit, every body wants it; you can put up a barrel in ten minutes. I will mail sample and complete directions to any one for 19 two-cent stamps, which is the cost of sample, postage, etc. In this way I can help you to start in a good business.

Miss FRANCIS ROBERTS,
New Concord, Ohio.

SPEND YOUR VACATION ON THE GREAT LAKES.

Visit picturesque Mackinac Island. It will only cost you about $13 from Detroit or $18 from Cleveland for the round trip, including meals and berths. The attractions of a trip to the Mackinac region are unsurpassed. The island itself is a grand, romantic spot; its climate is most invigorating. Save your money by traveling between Detroit and Cleveland, via the D. & C. Line. Fare, $2.25. This division is equipped with two new steamers, "City of Detroit" and "City of Cleveland," now famous as the largest and most magnificent on fresh water. Leave every night, arriving the following morning at destination, making sure connection with all morning trains. Palace steamers, four trips per week between Detroit, Mackinac, Petoskey, the "Soo" and Marquette. Send for illustrated pamphlet. Address A. A. Schantz, G. P. A., Detroit & Cleveland Steam Nav. Co., Detroit, Mich.

DR. E. C. WEST'S NERVE AND BRAIN TREATMENT, a specific for Hysteria, Dizziness, Fits, Neuralgia, Headache, Nervous Prostration caused by alcohol or tobacco, Wakefulness, Mental Depression, Softening of the Brain, causing insanity, misery, decay, death, Premature Old Age, Barrenness, Loss of Power in either sex, Impotency, Leucorrhœa and all Female Weaknesses, Involuntary Losses, Spermatorrhœa caused by over-exertion of brain, Self-abuse, over-indulgence. A month's treatment, $1, 6 for $5, by mail. We Guarantee six boxes to cure. Each order for 6 boxes, with $5 will send written guarantee to refund if not cured. Guarantees issued only by FINNERTY, McCLURE & Co., Sole Agents, 106 Market St., Philadelphia, Pa.

DOLLARD & CO.,

1223
CHESTNUT ST.,
Philadelphia,
Premier Artists
IN HAIR.

Inventors of the CELEBRATED GOSSAMER VENTILATING WIG and ELASTIC BAND TOUPEE.

Instructions to enable Ladies and Gentlemen to measure their own heads with accuracy:

FOR WIGS, INCHES.	TOUPEES AND SCALPS. INCHES.
No. 1. The round of the head.	No. 1. From forehead back as far as bald.
No. 2. From forehead over the head to neck.	No. 2. Over forehead as far as required.
No. 3. From ear to ear over the top.	No. 3. Over the crown of the head.
No. 4. From ear to ear round the forehead.	

They have always ready for sale a splendid Stock of Gents' Wigs, Toupees, Ladies' Wigs, Half Wigs, Frizettes, Braids, Curls, etc., beautifully manufactured, and as cheap as any establishment in the Union. Letters from any part of the world will receive attention.

Dollard's Herbanium Extract for the Hair.

This preparation has been manufactured and sold at Dollard's for the past fifty years, and its merits are such that, while it has never yet been advertised, the demand for it keeps steadily increasing.

Also DOLLARD'S REGENERATIVE CREAM to be used in conjunction with the Herbanium when the Hair is naturally dry and needs an oil.

Mrs. Edmondson Gorter writes to Messrs. Dollard & Co., to send her a bottle of their Herbanium Extract for the Hair. Mrs. Gorter has tried in vain to obtain anything equal to it as a dressing for the hair in England.

MRS. EDMONDSON GORTER,
Oak Ledge Thorpe,
Nov., 29, '88. Norwich, Norfolk, England.

NAVY PAY OFFICE, PHILADELPHIA,

I have used "Dollard's Herbanium Extract, of Vegetable Hair Wash," regularly for upwards of five years with great advantage. My hair, from rapidly thinning, was early restored, and has been kept by it in its wonted thickness and strength. It is the best wash I have ever used.

A. W. RUSSELL, U. S. N.

To MRS. RICHARD DOLLARD, 1223 Chestnut St., Phila.

I have frequently, during a number of years, used the "Dollard's Herbanium Extract," and I do not know of any which equals it as a pleasant, refreshing and healthful cleanser of the hair.

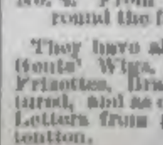
Very respectfully,
LEONARD MYERS,
Ex-Member of Congress, 5th District.

Prepared only and for sale, wholesale and retail, and applied professionally by

DOLLARD & CO.,
1223 CHESTNUT STREET.

GENTLEMEN'S HAIR CUTTING AND SHAVING.
LADIES' AND CHILDREN'S HAIR CUTTING.
None but Practical Male and Female Artists Employed.

GUNS REVOLVERS, RIFLES, SHOT GUNS, AMMUNITION, FISHING TACKLE, &c. **SPORTING GOODS** HENRY & CO., No. 25, Rue St. Sulpice, PARIS. 7, HENRY & CO., No. 25, Rue St. Sulpice, CHICAGO, ILL.



MATRIMONIAL PAPER Containing nearly 100 advertisements with residences of ladies and gentlemen wanting correspondents. Copy in plain sealed wrapper 10c. HEART and HAND, 69 Dearborn St. Chicago, Ill.

YOUR FUTURE REVEALED. Written prediction of your life, 10c. Give date of birth. Astrologer, Box 326, Kansas City, Mo.

A GOOD GIRLS Rare book, 100 pages. Richly Illustrated. Luxury, 30c. Globe Book Co., Chicago, Ill.

BEATTY PIANOS, ORGANS, $75 up. Want agts. Cat. free. Dan'l F. Beatty, Washington, N.J.

$2.50 HILL PAYS THE EXPRESS

Our Midsummer Offer.

STEM WIND AND SET THE TIGER WATCH Stem Wind and Stem Set, Coin Nickel Case, Elegantly Engraved by our own workmen upon hard cut shows back of case, with Fine Lever Movement of the latest make.

GUARANTEED for 5 years and retails at 3 times the price we ask

CUT THIS OUT and send with your order and watch will be sent you by express C. O. D. subject to your approval,

NO MONEY required until after you have examined the watch and found it just as represented

FREE Send cash with order, thus saving us the return express expense of money and time, making out the C. O. D. and we send FREE a fine Gold Plated Chain that retails for $1.00

W. HILL & CO.
Wholesale Jewelers,
307 State Street, Chicago, Ill.

TO PLAY MUSIC

WITHOUT STUDY!

THIS CAN BE DONE BY MEANS OF THE

INSTANTANEOUS GUIDE TO THE PIANO OR ORGAN

Anyone knowing a tune, either "in the head," as it is called, or able to hum, whistle or sing, can play it WITHOUT ANY PREVIOUS KNOWLEDGE OF MUSIC OR THE INSTRUMENTS. In fact it may be the first time they have ever seen a piano or organ, yet if they know so much as to whistle or hum a tune—say "Way Down on the Swanee River," for instance—they can play it IMMEDIATELY correctly and with good effect, on the piano or organ, with the assistance of this GUIDE. THE GUIDE shows how the tunes are to be played with both hands and in different keys. Thus the player has the full effect of the bass and treble clefs, together with the power of making correct and harmonious chords to accompaniments. It must be plainly understood that the Guide will not make an accomplished musician without study. It will do nothing of the kind. What it can do, do well and WITHOUT FAIL is to enable anyone understanding the nature of a tune or air in music to play such tunes or airs, without ever having opened a music book, and without previously needing to know the difference between A or G, half-note or a quarter-note, a sharp or a flat. The Guide is placed on the instrument, and the player, without reference to anything but what he is shown by it to do, can in a few moments play the piece accurately and without the least trouble. Although it does not and never can supplant regular books of study, it will be of incalculable assistance to the player by "ear" and all others who are their own instructors. By giving the student the power to play IMMEDIATELY twelve tunes of different character—this number of pieces being sent with each Guide—the ear grows accustomed to the sounds, and the fingers need to the position and touch of the keys. So, after a very little practice with the Guide, it will be easy to pick out, almost with the skill and rapidity of the trained player, any air or tune that may be heard or known.

Its cheapness and usefulness would make it a very good present to give a person, whether young or old, at Christmas. Almost every home in the land has a piano, organ or melodeon, wherein seldom more than one of the family can play. With this Guide in the house everybody can make more or less good use of their instruments.

The Guide, we repeat, will not learn how to read the common sheet music. But it will teach those who cannot spend years learning an instrument, how to learn a number of tunes without EITHER PREVIOUS KNOWLEDGE OR STUDY. A child if it can say its A, B, C's and knows a tune—say "The Sweet Bye and Bye"—can play it, after a few attempts, quite well. There are many who would like to be able to do this, for their own and the amusement of others, and to such we commend The Guide as BOUND TO DO for them ALL WE SAY.

The Guide will be sent to any address, all postage paid, on receipt of FIFTY CENTS. Postage stamps, 2's, taken. For Ten Cents extra a music book containing the words and music for 100 popular songs, will be sent with The Guide. Address—

THE GUIDE MUSIC CO.,
726 Sansom St., Philadelphia, Pa.

PILES Remedy Free. INSTANT RELIEF. Final cure in 3 days. Never returns; no purge; no salve; no suppository. A victim tried in vain every remedy has discovered a simple cure, which he will mail free to his fellow sufferers. Address J. H. REEVES, Box 2220, New York City, N.Y.

Weak Men INSTANT RELIEF. Cure in 15 days; never returns. I will send (sealed) FREE to my fellow-sufferers a prescription in large small weak organs. A sure cure for Emissions, Lost Manhood, Nervous Debility, Varicocele, etc. Address, with stamp, L. A. Franklin, Music Dealer, Marshall, Mich.

PUGET SOUND Is the Coming Great Country, and the Pacific Coast Terminus of the Great Northern Railway is inevitably its Greatest City. Finest location, best harbor, greatest resources and most substantial growth. Investments placed through us now are on a basis that insures a PROFIT OF FROM 100 TO 300 PER CENT in the next two years. Our Inside Water Front Property, close to the business center, at from $200 TO $350 per lot on EASY TERMS. Cannot be equalled as a SAFE AND RAPID MONEY-MAKING proposition. We also negotiate choice Mortgage Loans and Municipal Securities. We are willing to guarantee any investment placed by us for a share of the profits. Highest Eastern and Western Bank References. For Maps, Pamphlets, etc., address the **FAIRHAVEN**

WASHINGTON IMPROVEMENT COMPANY, Fairhaven, Washington.

Humorous.

THE HAPPY LAND.

The nights are cool in Billville—the capital of Bill,
With moonlight on the mountains and moonlight on the still;
The free and happy citizens—they do not want the earth:
Their votes are on the market, and they bring just what they're worth.

The days are bright in Billville—the capital of Bill,
With the sunshine on the meadows and the whisky on the fill;
And the colonels and the majors—they never go it rash,
For their votes are on the market, and they always bring the cash.

—U. N. Nose.

A Free Lunch.

"Hey, Billy, what's all dis?"

"Oh, nothin, on'y this here swell has laid down here fur a snooze an' I'm a-gitting a Henry Clay free lunch."

Men of color—Painters.

The love that lasts — The love of money.

If a man blows his own trumpet, can his opinions be sound?

To cure deafness in a man, begin to whisper to him about a chance to make a fortune.

A young man advertises his desire for a wife, "Pretty and entirely ignorant of the fact."

There is no such word in the dictionary as cant; but there is an abundance of it in society.

A fellow who went to see a girl who wore diamonds, said that she sparkled while he sparked.

A judge was recently maimed, paradoxical as it may appear, by the court plaster falling on him.

A murderer says he was convicted in a trial by newspapers. He evidently does not believe in paper hanging.

Why ought church-bells to be sounded at a wedding?—Because no marriage is complete without a ring and a bells.

Why is the meat in a sandwich like the middle-class in society?—Because it lies between the upper-crust and the under-bred.

"Have you any near relatives, Norah?" "Only an aunt, mum; an' she isn't what you might call near, for it's in New Orleans she lives, mum."

A man had a woman's tooth grafted into his jaw, and now every time he passes a millinery store, that tooth fairly aches to drag him up to the window.

"What a splendid parrot that is of Brown's! So intelligent, you know!" Intelligent? Why, one would almost think him human. He repeats everything he hears."

"This thing is getting monotonous," remarked the member of the crooked fraternity. "I'm either breakin' into houses or breakin' out of jail, and financially broke all the time."

"What did you do to break that vase, Mary?" "Ah, ma'am, nothing could be easier. I had it in my hand—like this—and I struck it against the table, so—' And she breaks the mate to it.

A strolling theatrical company was at dinner. A waiter approached one of the members and said, "Soup?" "No, sir," indignantly replied the person addressed; "I am one of the musicians."

A poor Irishman was about to sell his saucepan, when his children remonstrated. "Ah, me honeys," said he, "I would not be afther partin' with it but for want of a little money to buy something to put in it."

A preacher being requested to perform the last sad office for a young woman at the point of death, pressed her to believe that flesh and blood could not enter the kingdom of heaven. "I am safe," said she, "I am nothing but skin and bone."

A schoolboy persisted in throwing his hat upon the floor, until finally the teacher chastised him severely. "Now," said the breathless instructor, "do you know where your hat ought to have been?" "Yes, sir," replied the boy; "inside my clothes, sir!"

LATEST FASHION PHASES.

For those who have been stricken with sorrow and mourning there is now, as there always has been, a proper habiliment of woe, but that, like wedding garments, varies but slightly, and generally consists in the adoption of the current mode of cutting and the length of the veil, the one filmy white, the other heavy and black. For the last two seasons there has been an unusual display of Courtauld crape on all mourning garments, and it still continues until there is more crape than Henrietta, which still remains the proper fabric for deep mourning. Later on there can be worn camel's hair, cashmere and even dull meshed grenadine, or if the season is warm and black percale is a suitable material.

No silks are worn in first mourning, and when they are permissible they should be of the dull variety, not glossy.

Where the wearer is obliged to be out much in bad weather (and many are obliged to work for their living, rendering much exposure necessary) a most serviceable gown can be made of nun's serge. Be sure to get the Priestley, or it may be dye burned and so not durable. Such a dress will bear the hardest treatment, and always look well as long as a thread holds together.

The first mourning for a parent or for a husband can be made after the style of the gown on the left, the bottom being bordered ten inches deep with crape, and a Russian blouse is held in by a grosgrain ribbon. The bonnet in the illustration is not strictly a widow's bonnet, but is suitable for a young girl in mourning for a parent. The veil is attached to the back of the bonnet. The widow's bonnet is flatter and trimmings closer to permit of the veil falling over the face. The little white crape ruche or cap is no longer obligatory, and many ladies shrink from publishing thus plainly the exact nature of their bereavement.

MOURNING COSTUMES.

The gown on the right is for home wear and admits of a slight break in the severity of outline. The bordering of the crape is headed by a narrow band of a dead jet, and the sleeves and waist can also have an outlining of it. A sash of crape with fish tail ends falls on the left side, and a deep Watteau plait in the back forms the domi-train. The gowns are made of silk warp Henrietta, as that is the suitable material to go with heavy crape. Of course gowns of plain camel's hair and cashmere are worn, but neither of them will take much crape. It somehow does not harmonize well with those fabrics.

Black linen, in sheer quality, percale and lawn all make pretty ordinary dresses, and they should be made very simply. With such, a black straw hat, with loops of plain, dull ribbon, with perhaps a very little crape, can be worn. Black suede gloves are worn rather more than the smooth finished.

All persons in mourning should wear stiff mull neckwear and handkerchiefs with plain hemstitched black borderings, deep or narrow, according to the nearness of the relationship. Widows usually effect deeper mourning than mothers, though I fail to see why the grief of one is deeper than the other. But so it is, and a widow will have borders 1¾ inches deep to her handkerchiefs. Hemmed mull collars and cuffs with square corners look well, and are more pleasing to the eye than that somber black.

If a lady wishes to have everything in keeping she will have black hosiery and black skirts—silk if she can afford it.

An elderly lady can wear a Henrietta shawl. Young women can have any style of wrap in vogue, made of Alys cloth or some other regular mourning material and trimmed with heavy English crape.

I have but space to mention the other gown of the new silk rayee, or striped and iridescent all over with an opalescent tinge. It is trimmed with lace and ribbon.

Nearly all gowns for autumn, even for the street, will be less formal and have more garniture.

Lace, white or black, will be employed to tone down the different high colors. Much blue promises to be worn during the coming season, very bright, but toned by a profusion of lace.

Odds and Ends.

CONCERNING MATTERS OF THE HOME.

Tar may be removed from either hands or clothing by rubbing well with lard and then thoroughly washing with soap and water.

Stains in table linen can be taken out by pouring boiling water through them before they have been put in the boiling suds. Ink spots on white goods, if submerged immediately in new milk, will come out, but if allowed to stand till dry, an acid of some kind will have to be used.

Veal, mutton and pork will keep perfectly fresh and good for weeks without salt or ice, in warm weather, by keeping it submerged in sour milk, changing the milk when mould appears. Rinse in cold water when wanted for use.

A clean bureau cover and pincushion add very much to the beauty and freshness of a bedroom. They are pretty made of dotted muslin that can be easily laundered. Make the pincushion of ample size and edge with two ruffles, a small one at the seam and a wider one at the bottom; a narrow lace makes a pretty finish to the ruffle, and the bureau cover can be trimmed in the same way. Of course this arrangement is perfectly simple, but when the muslin is starched and clean, the ruffles crisply fluted, and the whole made over colored silk or silesia, it is very fresh and pretty, and, moreover, will last for years.

Dotted muslin, made the size of the window frame, are the best curtains for summer bed-rooms, as they are so easily kept clean and are very dainty as well when tied back with pretty ribbons.

An excellent salad dressing is made by using the yolk of hard-boiled eggs, some cold smashed potatoes well pressed together with a fork, oil, vinegar, mustard and salt rubbed in, in the proportions of two of oil to one of vinegar. A salad must be fresh and freshly made to be good.

New cheese doylies are fringed, and little white mice, embroidered in floss silk, scamper over them.

Corn Meal Muffins.—Two cups of Indian meal, two cups of flour, one heaping tablespoonful of sugar, two eggs, one heaping tablespoonful of butter, two tablespoonfuls of baking powder, sweet milk to make a thin batter. Bake in gem irons.

Cheese Fritters.—Slice thin half a dozen large, tart apples and prepare half as many thin slices of cheese. Beat up one or two eggs, according to the quantity required, and season high with salt, mustard and a little pepper. Lay the slices of cheese to soak for a few minutes in the mixture. Then put each slice between two slices of apples, sandwich style, and dip the whole in the beaten egg. Fry in hot butter and serve hot.

Corn Starch Cake.—Four eggs, the whites, two cups of sugar, two-thirds cup of butter, one cup of sweet milk, one cup of corn starch, two cups of flour, two tablespoonfuls of cream tartar, one tablespoonful of soda, one tablespoonful of lemon extract. Bake three quarters of an hour with a steady fire.

Gipsy Pudding.—Cut stale sponge cake into thin slices; spread with apple jelly. Put together like a sandwich, place them in a deep dish, cover with boiled custard.

Pineapple Trifle.—Pick a pineapple into small bits with a silver fork. Make it quite sweet and let it stand until the sugar is melted. Mix with it as much dry sponge cake, crumbled fine, as it will moisten. Bake half an hour and cover with a meringue.

Apple Snowballs.—Boil ¼lb. of rice in water until perfectly tender. Pare and core a few apples, replace the core by two cloves, brown sugar, and a squeeze of lemon juice. Cover each apple with a little rice, and tie it up separately in a cloth. Boil for half an hour, and serve with a sweet sauce flavored with lemon.

Apple Compote.—Pare half a dozen good apples, scoop out the middle without breaking the fruit. Place in a pie dish with a quarter of a pint of water, ¼lb. of sugar, and the rind and juice of half a lemon. Cover the dish and cook in a hot oven until the fruit is quite tender. When done, pour over the syrup with a dessertspoonful of rum added to it, and serve with Devonshire cream.

Apple Salad.—Boil some good apples lightly, and then slice them into a salad bowl, adding half a pint of syrup, the rind and juice of one lemon, two dessertspoonfuls of whiskey, and a tablespoonful of blanched grated almonds.

Apples Stewed in Port Wine.—Pare and core 2lb. of sweet apples, put them into a stewpan with three wine-glassfuls of port, 1½lb. of sugar, the rind and juice of two lemons, and cinnamon to taste. Simmer gently, removing the scum; turn the fruit with a fork from time to time without breaking them. The apples should be lifted out first, and the liquor boiled for five minutes afterwards and then poured over them.

Pink Apple Snow.—Pare, core, and boil six large apples to a pulp, and press them through a sieve. Sweeten to taste, and then to every tablespoonful of apple adds a teaspoonful of currant jelly. Whisk the whites of six or seven eggs with two heaped tablespoonfuls of sugar, and when frothing add them to the apple mixture, whisking all together until quite light. Pile high on a glass dish, and add a currant or strawberry jelly garniture. This dish is one very suitable for children and invalids.

Fried Apples.—Slice some apples, dip them in a batter made of one egg, sugar, milk and flour enough to thicken. Fry a golden brown, sprinkle with lemon juice, and serve very hot.

Portuguese Apples.—Peel four good boiling apples, and scoop out the cores. Boil ¼ a quarter of a pint of water with 3oz. of sugar stirred in. Have ready some apricot jam; with it cover the bottom of a dish. Strain the apples, place them on the jam, raising them in the middle of the dish. Put a preserved cherry on the top of each apple, and garnish with angelica.

Apple Rice Soufflé.—Boil two pints of milk with lemon rind until the milk is sufficiently flavored; strain, add 3oz. of rice; let it simmer slowly, and add sugar to taste. Rub the rice to a smooth paste, with it line the bottom and sides of a round cake tin, and put it in the oven to set. Mix two tablespoonfuls of apple marmalade with the beaten yolks of two eggs and ½oz. of butter, and stir these over a moderate fire until the mixture thickens. Then remove from the fire, adding the whisked whites of two eggs; stir all together, put it into the rice border, and bake until the soft soufflé rises quite light. Serve immediately.

Apple Shape.—Pare, cut, and quarter 2lb. of apples, put them into a saucepan with a pint of water, 1lb. of sugar, two tablespoonfuls of blackberry or red currant jelly, and 1oz. of isinglass. Boil gently, and beat the mixture until perfectly smooth. Pour into an oiled mould for the night; when set, turn into a glass dish garnished with clotted cream.

Cheese-Pudding.—Mix together well two eggs beaten till light, five ounces of rich cheese and half a pint of boiling milk. Bake in a pie dish for fifteen minutes; turn out and serve on a napkin with dry toast.

Stains.—To remove fruit and wine stains—peach and claret—from table linen, moisten with dilute sulphuric acid, and then rub with a strong aqueous solution of sulphite or hyposulphite of sodium; or soak for a short time in a strong aqueous solution of bleaching powder—calcium hypochlorite—press out excess of the liquid, and immerse in dilute sulphuric acid—one part to ten of water; rinse in cold water, dip in hyposulphite of sodium solution, and afterwards wash out thoroughly in hot water.

To Repair Scratched Mirrors.—To repair a mirror from which some of the quicksilver has been scratched, remove the silvering from the glass around the scratch so that the clear space will be about a quarter of an inch wide. Thoroughly clean the clear space with a clear cloth and alcohol. Near the edge of a broken piece of looking-glass mark out a piece of silvering a little larger than the clear space on the mirror to be repaired. Now place a very minute drop of mercury on the centre of the patch and allow it to remain for a few minutes, clear away the silvering around the patch, and slide the latter from the glass. Place it over the clear spot on the mirror, and gently press it down with a tuft of cotton. This is a difficult operation, and a little practice is needed before trying it on a large mirror.